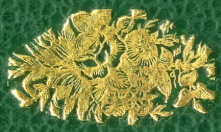
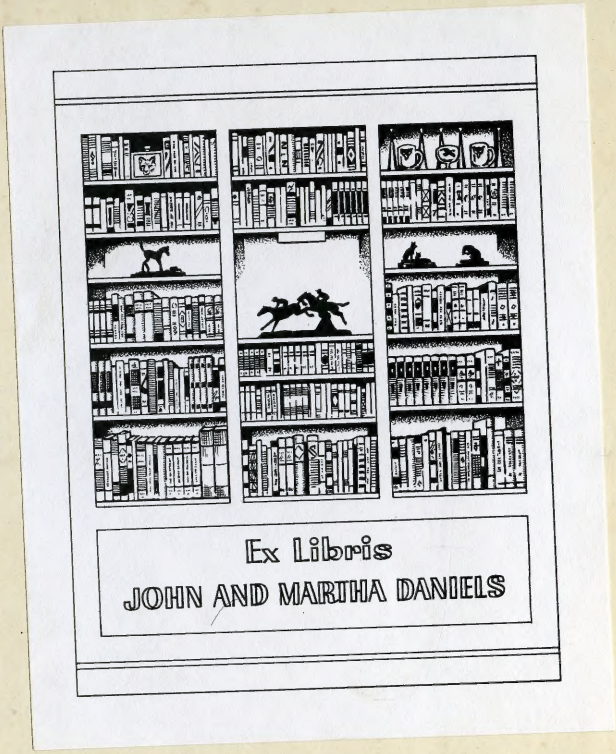
Runs & Sporting Notes from Dorsetshire.



By the late Henry Symonds,

of Gorwell & Milborne St. Andrew.

Science



J. Mounts Balton

Ufs Home

12 Sep: 1899

I was "entered" by

Wm Farquharson at Clifton

wood in 1847-

Runs and Sporting Notes

FROM

Dorsetshire.

By the late HENRY SYMONDS,

Of Gorwell & Milborne St. Andrew.

BORN AT GORWELL, JANUARY 8TH, 1817.

DIED AT PUDDLETOWN, MAY 13TH, 1895

BURIED AT MILBORNE ST. ANDREW, MAY 17TH

BLANDFORD:

EDWARD DERHAM, PRINTER, ETC., EAST STREET.

1899.

PREFACE.

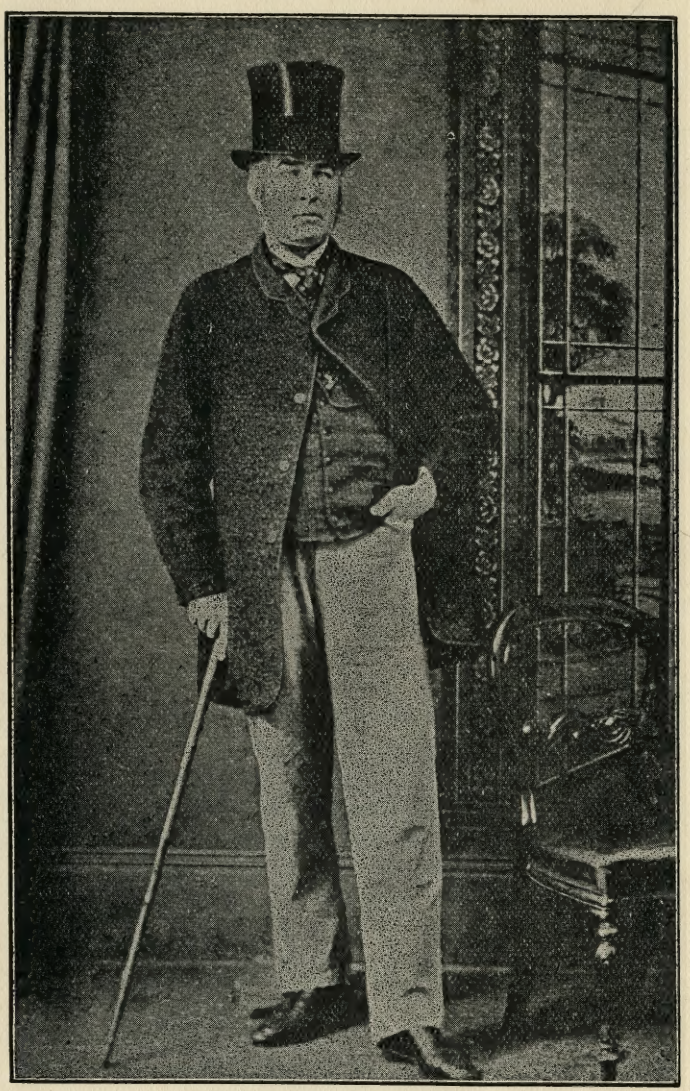
In submitting the following pages to my fellow Dorsetshire men, very little introduction is I hope necessary. It is simply the hunting diary of an ardent devotee, and the object of placing his manuscript in the printer's hands is to rescue from oblivion some most excellent runs with hounds, and also to put before the younger generation of hunting men of the County, the character of the sport their fathers enjoyed in the earlier years of this century; and notably in that period of Mr. Farquharson's splendid career, extending over 50 years, and during the whole of that time had the good fortune to command in his two Huntsmen the services of Ben Jennings and Jem Treadwell, both consummate masters of the craft.

It has ever appeared to the writer, as inheriting a love for Fox-Hunting, matter of much congratulation that this County has been from earliest records possessed in its resident Noblemen and Gentry, good men with strong proclivities for hunting;* and of this century the name of Portman in the persons of the late and present Viscount, with that of the first 'Squire of Langton, will always stand foremost as most staunch patrons of the "noble science." All honour to them.

H.S.

---

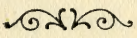
* *I believe it is an authenticated fact that the great Peter Beckford was a Dorsetshire gentleman, and wrote his "Thoughts on Hunting" at Steepleton House, just on the borders of Cranborne Chase.*



HENRY SYMONDS.

Hunting Runs & Sporting Notes from Dorsetshire,

By the late HENRY SYMONDS.



A Slashing Run.

Remarkable run with a stump-tail fox with Humphrey Sturt's Hounds about the beginning of the present century, when they were kept at Cliff Kennels, Tincleton, Puddletown, and related to me by those good old sportsmen—Mr. Robert Burgess, Mr. James Burgess, Mr. John Burgess, and Mr. John House, of Anderson, for some years all gone over to the majority.

In the month of January, 1804 or 1805, a stump-tail fox was dug out at Milton Park, and brought over to Cliff and let loose in a cellar; the frost being rather severe, was kept there for a day or two, and turned out at Lord's Down, near the old Dewlish Turnpike Gate about twelve o'clock. He went away over Milborne Farm, jumped the fence out of Milborne Eweleaze into the Deer Park, across the open fields and downs for Whitechurch, where he turned to the left over Chescombe and Whatcombe Park, straight ahead over Thornicombe and Down House, crossed the Blandford and Stickland road, down over the Cliff and swam the Stour between Blandford Bridge and Bryanston House, through the Deer-park on to Mill-down, over the Old Shaftesbury-road to Pimperne, which was left on the right, straight on to Tarrant Hinton and Eastbury Park

Wall, to Chettle, to Thickthorn, on to Thorny-down, (still keeping the Salisbury turnpike road on the right). Went over the Minchington downs, on to Woodyates, where he crossed over Verne-ditch or Boverly dykes into Wiltshire : straight on by the side of the road and the big open country to Harnham-hill, where in olden times the mail-coach horses were changed, and other coach-horses as well, in stables on the top. This fox was lost at the bottom of this steep hill, darkness coming on, and hounds had been running this wonderful stout varmint for over four hours. They never went over the turnpike road but once from find to finish ; and the distance by road from old Dewlish turnpike gate, where this fox was turned out, to the bottom of Harnham Hill is just 30 miles. About three days afterwards the old woodman at Milton Park declared he saw this same "old stumpy" walking about in the same wood where he was dug out about a week before.

1820.

A wonderful run took place with Mr. Farquharson's hounds about the year 1820, (Ben Jennings, huntsman) from Melcombe Park, where they found a fox, which broke away for Mappowder, on to Shortwood, turned to the left for Bewley, Castle Hill, Glanvilles Wootton, across the Vale to Holnest, leaving Grange Woods on the left, and Butterwick on the right, straight on to the Holme Bushes, Leweston House, Whitfield Wood, and on to the stone quarries at Yetminster, where this stout old varmint was supposed to have got in under the big rocks. A good 20 miles, straight out.

A Clinker in 1825.

One of the most extraordinary and severe runs on record, which took place in March, in the year 1825, with Mr. Farquharson's hounds, and Ben. Jennings, as huntsman, was told me by my father, and others, time after time.

Met at Buckland Wood, and a very large field of the old school were present. Found a fox and broke away over the Vale to Dairy-house Coppice, and then to Clover willow-bed, and the Waddon and Corton ewe-leases, to where the Monument now stands. Up to this time the hunting had been very slow. In the long heather at Blagdon it was supposed a fresh fox must have moved out of a pit (nobody knows) but all at once the hounds took up the running, and turning to the left, went away over the Dorchester and Abbotsbury road and the higher side of Bridehead farm into the Gorwell covers, through which he passed, and then turning to the right, over the hill to Lower Kingstone Russell, crossed the meadows, and up the steep hill, (leaving the Whatcombe earths on the right), on over the big downs, crossing the Bridport road (leaving Winterborne on the right) put his head straight over Higher Kingston Russell farm and crossed the Roman road into East Compton farm; bearing to the right again over Southover and Littlewood farms into Frampton hog-lease, and on into Frampton Court. ['Squire Brown and Billy Butler reigned supreme in those parts]. Here this stout fox went down by the side of the water-meadows at Grimston and Stratton, to Bradford Peverell, and from this place the horses began to stand still, one after the other, and the lance freely used. The chase however still continued over Fordington Down to Poundbury, thence to the Dorchester Barracks, and entered the top of the town, down Durn-

gate-street, into the Plume of Feathers yard, and into a closet, from whence this good fox was brought out and killed.

The Dorset Assizes were being held, and the excitement was so great, that the Judges closed the Courts for a time, and came out to see the fun. Lots of the horses died in Fordington fields and in the town that night, and many more were of little use afterwards ; yet horses at that time of the year were in good hunting trim.

1828.

The Roebuck Hounds of E. M. Pleydell, Esq., of Whatcombe House, closed the Season with a brilliant day's sport on Saturday, 5th of April, 1828.

They threw off at Elcombe Wood, and in about ten minutes a fine buck was viewed going over the opposite hill in gallant style for Escombe, through which he passed and made for Turnwood, here he remained a few minutes, and then broke over the downs into the Vale of Blackmoor to Ibberton, where, being headed by some labourers, he ascended the hill, and skirting Ibberton Park, ran to Houghton Wood, passed through that extensive covert, and turned through the enclosures of M. Davis, Esq., to a coppice at some distance, near Durweston. Thence he made for Elcombe and again attempted the hill, but his strength failing, he turned back into covert, and passing directly through, broke on the other side, and the whole pack (with the exception of one couple of hounds) ran into him in view in a short furze brake on the down, after a run of one hour and forty minutes without a single check, and the greater part, particularly in the open country, at speed.

November 8th, 1830.

Run with the Mountain Harriers, kept and hunted by Mr. James Harding, of Higher Waterson, near Puddletown, Dorchester.

Met at Almshouse Barn, Puddlehinton ; found a hare, and after half-an-hour's run, killed. In drawing for a second hare in a piece of turnips, the best energies of this gallant little pack was called into action, and the spirits of the field raised to a delightful pitch, by rousing a noble fallow-deer—a most unusual quarry in that country. The deer launched away over a tremendous rasper, with the pack at its haunches, and went away over the open common fields of Piddlehinton, crossed the brook near Muston farm-house, and over the hill to Waterson farm, and Grey's Wood, and then into Yellowham Wood. The chase held on without a check, over the turnpike road and across the heath to Duddle. Turning to the right by Bockhampton, to Kingston Park, where the deer cleared the fence of a willow-bed, and over the river Frome, the pack gallantly swimming the same, and the minor streams thereabout, through the water meadows on to Stafford, and up the hills to Knighton House, bearing then towards Warmwell at the same pace. It was now evident that victory was to crown this incomparable little pack's efforts, for they ran into their quarry near Charlmont House, Broadmayne where the select few who enjoyed this brilliant run were regaled by Mr. Balston, the owner, whose name as a sportsman stood high. The distance, about 10 miles, was over a variety of country, and the chase after this buck lasted one hour and eleven minutes.

March 19th, 1831.

A grand day's sport with the Mountain Harriers at Buckland Knole. Killed one fox, one roe-buck, and two hares on this day.

Our fox chase was short, but ended in death. Our first hare was found under the Knole, and gave us one of the best runs I ever saw in the Vale. Going away for Bewley, and leaving Shortwood on the left, and Mappowder on the right, and crossing the river to Hazelbury parish, by the Church, and skirting the covers at Cock-road on the right, and ran into the hare near Fifehead Church ; at least eight miles as the crow flies ; time 55 minutes. A little Jack hare, not much bigger than a rabbit. Gave this one to the hounds.

Found our second hare near Mappowder Church, which took us over the Vale and through two small covers at Monkwood Hill, into Melcombe Park, where she was run into, having stood before them 35 minutes.

Here a temptation, which I could not withstand, turned up. A couple of Roe-deer crossed before me, and putting on the ever ready and staunch little pack, and for one hour in cover no animals were so tormented. At last the buck broke away over the meadows, and ascended the hill to Melcombe barn, and on to Liscombe Hill, taking the Vale for Ball Wood ; but being headed back to the hill covers, we killed him on the hill opposite Melcombe House, after running two hours. Mr. Yeatman was out with us to the last, and said it was the best day's sport he ever saw with Harriers ; and only one day he remembered to equal it, and that was with his own fox-hounds when they killed three dog foxes, and had real good runs with each.

January 19th, 1833.

The Mountain Harriers met at Stafford parish and found a hare in the Willow-bed. Crossing the water-meadows at Rempston, was lost. Found a fox on Woodsford Heath, near Hurst, and the pack went away close to his brush, over the ploughed fields on Woodsford farm, and the bogs, on to Lower Woodsford and Mr. Kerslake's farm, to the strong furze and big plantations at Lewell and Stafford ; bearing away to the right, and leaving Knighton parish on the left, and over the turnpike road, leaving Witcombe farm to the right, on thro' the big ewe-leazes and large plantations into Came Park, then entered the shrubberies round Came House, and running the back yards, entered the blacksmith's shop. By closing the doors we thought Reynard was safe for another day, but not so, for he got through a small hole under the bellows, and into a garden, and ran round the church on to the gravel walks to the House, and made an attempt to get into an underground drain, he ran into an open water gutter, from which the M.H. gave him notice to quit, and closing in on him, killed under the window of the dining-room at Came House. Thus ended as quick a run of one hour as I ever witnessed, with the Mountain Harriers, or any other pack

Runs with Lord Portman's Hounds, 1834 to 1836.

Kit Atkinson, huntsman, which he told me himself were the best runs he ever had with hounds ;—

No. 1.—Met at Stock House ; found in the Stock covers ; broke away over the brook, and that nice bit of Vale to Deadmoor ; turned to the right through Rooks moor, Hazelbury Common, on to the "Green Man," on to Pulham, Canning's Court, and Humber Wood ; across the enclosures to Shortwood, putting his head straight

for Mappowder and Melcombe Park, which big cover he went through without a turn, ascended the hill called Nettlecombe Tout, and then all down the flat, leaving Liscombe covers on the left, and Plush on the right, to Doles Ash ewe-leases, leaving Doles Ash House on the right. They then raced him over the open to Cheselborne down, leaving Doles-hill plantation on the right, into Druce down, where they pulled down this vale and hill fox (as they styled the run in those days).

No. 2.—Met at Milton Park, to find an old customer which they had hunted twice before as far as Bulbarrow, and no farther; so Lord Portman told Kit not to let the hounds draw, but to go through the middle track and keep his horn blowing. One of the whips was sent on to the top of the cover to keep on the look-out. The hounds had not got half-way through this big wood before the whip saw this fox break away over the Stickland-road. Atkinson got on his line, and losing no time, rattled him along to Bully Wood, Park Coppice and over the wall into Delcombe, and on to Delcombe head; bearing to the left, he crossed the Ansty-road, and down the hill, on through Balmer's Coombe (leaving Bulbarrow on the right.) Reynard then went over the Hazelbury-road, and that stiff bit of vale into Melcombe Park, going straight through this immense wood without a turn; on to Spring's Coppice (leaving the 'Fox,' Plush, on the left) he went into Armswell long cover, then broke away at the far end, by Bookham farm, and over the Buckland Newton road, straight on to Holcombe and Giant's Head. At this point he bore to the left by the side of the old Cerne turnpike to Dorchester, for about a mile, then turned to the right down into the valley, and was killed under where the Cerne giant is cut out in the side of the hill by Cerne town.

EDWARD BERKELEY, 1st VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

No. 3.—Feb. 9th, 1836.—Mr. Portman found his *first* fox this day on the Down near his own cover of Broadley, and killed in 40 minutes. Found his *second* in his favourite cover—Fieldgroves; Reynard tried every point near home, when he made his way through the pleasure grounds of Bryanston House, dashing through the river Stour with the pack at his heels. The hounds were somewhat thrown out by the iron fence round the deer-park, the fox slipping through and taking to the open downs, and making for the great Cranborne Chase, but the gallant beauties still pressed on, and ran into their fox in open view, in such style as will not be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of being present.

No. 4.—Feb. 11th, 1836.—This day they found in Woolland Wood, making play over the steep hill for Milton Abbey covers; turning to the right and striking for the Vale, and then on into Melcombe Park, and thro' this strong and extensive cover, and over the hill at a racing pace for the open downs of Plush; turning again to the right for Puddletrenthide and King-grove, they ran into him and killed in the open, after a splendid run of one hour and forty minutes, covering a good ten miles of country, besides the turns.

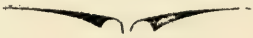
No. 5.—Feb. 15th, 1836.—Mr. Portman's hounds met this day at Rooksmoor, and found a brace of foxes; got away direct with the old dog for Deadmoor, and along the enclosures by Lydlinch Bridge and Bagber Common. Onward at rattling pace for the meadows and bank of the river Stour, through which he passed, for the Hinton Coppices, and here the pack got on a fresh fox, but were soon put right again on the wily old customer who had so often defeated his followers about this spot. Never did hounds go along in such splendid style, over such a

Vale ever measured by a sportsman, and in a solid square, working their way through the Marnhull vale for Moorside, and the deep grassy fields of Margaret Marsh to West Stour and the Doncliffe Wood of 400 acres, which he reached just before the hounds, striving for the big earths ; but old Limner turned him, and the pack, closing in, killed him in one hour and forty minutes. This run was over twelve miles, as the crow flies, and through the finest vale in England.

No. 6.—Feb. 26th, 1836.—Met at Sturminster Bridge and drew the Hinton St. Mary covers blank ; went on to Stock, (where only four days before they found) and found again directly. After a turn or two, broke away across the Vale for Rooksmoor, and on at a good pace for Deadmoor and Haydon, turning to the left over the open commons and enclosures on the banks of the Lydon, and leaving Stock Woods on the left, and crossing the Caundle brook, and on to the Caundle Holts, where the scent getting bad, had to give up, after a good run of one hour and fifteen minutes. Mr. Yeatman was complimented by the whole field for the sport shown from his never-failing covers ; for the last two seasons and half, drawing them 27 times, and 26 foxes found.

No 7.—Met at Milton Park in the month of March, 1836, and found another straight-necked one, which took in another direction altogether from No. 2 run. This one broke away through to Whatcombe and La Lee covers, on to Chescombe-farm and over the Blandford and Dorchester turnpike, across the middle of Mr. Fookes' farm at Whitechurch, and over the open downs (not in cultivation in those days), to Kingston fir-clump, and through Muddock's Barrow, straight ahead over the Bere and Wimborne turnpike into Bere Wood ; on to the Bloxworh

covers, turned to the right at Bloxworth Green, and crossed the road leading from Bere Regis to Lytchett and Poole ; over the open heath to the Old Roman encampment called ' Pickard's Look-out" still ahead over that wild boggy country (leaving Drax's Decoy on the left, and Hyde higher lodge on the right) to Trigon hill. A mile from there the hounds ran into this stout fox by the side of the road where Wareham Railway station now stands. This was a good twelve miles, straight.



1833.—On January 1st, Mr. Harding's Mountain Harriers met at Dewlish Turnpike-gate to hunt a fallow-deer in Milborne Wood. Found her (a mottled doe) and ran all over the open country to Bere Wood, where, with difficulty, I stopped the hounds close to Mr. Hannocks. Time—55 minutes.

Memorandum.

The Season Diary for the Mounain Harriers from August, 1833, to April, 1834 ; and also from April, 1834, to August, 1835, was most unfortunately lost.

Nov. 11th, 1835.—The Mountain Harriers met at ' Revels' Inn, to hunt deer ; about 60 horsemen out ; found almost immediately in Mount Silver, taking away through the Aldemores by Clinger's Farm, and on to Dogberry-gate, over the hills and through Minterne plantations and arable field to Giant's Head. Bearing to the right, and sinking the vale, by Cerne, and then crossing the old turnpike and ewe-leazes to Alton parish, to Piddletrenthide, leaving the church on the left, and over the downs to the plantations on Cerne Hill ; then on to King-grove, where, by the wish of the field, the hounds were stopped, it being the same deer which we

took at Stoke Wake, near Bulbarrow, two years before:, after a run of 55 minutes.

Dec. 14th.—By the invitation of Mr. Drax, this gallant little pack of Harriers met at Broomhill Mill, near Wool-bridge, to draw for a roe-buck which had been seen in a willow-bed the week before, when drawn by fox-hounds, but did not find. Went on to Heffleton plantation, an immense wild cover, and drew till 2 o'clock, when a cheery holloa gave notice that this solitary animal was roused, and the pack soon gave him notice to quit this stronghold. Going away over the wild open heath in the direction of Wareham, making a turn to the left for Lower Hyde, and crossing the rugged heath again into Heffleton, leaving Heffleton House to the left, and away again in the direction of Higher Hyde, and the romantic country to Gallows Hill ; from thence over the bogs and Chamberlayne's heath, and through the Fir Clumps on to Moreton Heath Lodge ; then turning to the right for Bryantspuddle dairy-house, and crossing the enclosures to the water-meadows, pointing for Piddles-wood ; all up to this time at best pace, without a check. Here the hounds threw up at the water's edge, the deer having swam the stream, and covered himself among some spears ; but being dislodged from his cool retreat, he took away over the meadows and the enclosures beyond, where the pack ran gallantly into this buck, after an hour and twelve minutes' run. Gave the buck to Mr. Fyler, of Heffleton House.

Dec. 16th.—Met at Bulbarrow, and at once found a brace of deer, one taking away to the lord's wall with three-and a-half couple of hounds, thirteen couple sinking the Vale with the other by Norwood, and over the fine Vale of Blackmore by Mappowder Church, leaving

"BEN" JENNINGS.

Shortwood and other covers on the right, and Melcombe Park on the left, to Armswell farmhouse. No horseman up with the hounds ; a good seven miles. Then over Alton Common to Buckland Knowle ; at a brook had a check, and on casting got on a hare ; and a brace of foxes being also on foot we lost our deer, hoping to have another good run with it some day.

1835.—A marvellous day's sport with Mr. Farquharson. Ben. Jennings, Huntsman,

Nov. 13th,—Met at Yellowham Wod at 10.30 a.m. Ben took the hounds into the south-west corner, and soon found ; went straight through the wood and broke away for Chine Hill, and turning to the left over Waterson farm and the hill in direction of Gray's Wood, skirting which he turned a little to the right and ran along Waterson Ridge, and on to Wolverton Clump ; again turning to the right across Piddlehinton Down to Fair-Mile hill, over the old Sherborne-road in the line for Mr. Goodenough's on Cowdon Hill, where being headed, he turned to the right for King-grove, opposite which he turned down the hill to the left for Nether Cerne, up the valley by Mr. Hart's dairy-house, across the water meadows and over the Cerne turnpike, and up the hill for Sydling, where he was again headed by a party of rabbit shooters, and turning back, went to earth in Holcombe. Time—55 minutes ; distance as the crow flies, ten miles. The pace was so good, many did not come up for some time. Every one was much pleased, and mutually decided it was as good a run as had been seen for some years.

Second Run.

The hounds were then taken to Mr. Goodenough's gorse, and found another rattler, which went away up the opposite side of the hill, hounds with heads up and

sterns down close up, then across the enclosures for Godmanston Down, which he ran for two miles, turning to the left for Grimston ; altering his mind, and crossing the Sydling road, he took over the water-meadows and up the hill into Frampton Plantation, but was headed at the further end, and turned short back and down the hill to Madjeston, then over the water meadows to Godmanston South Down, then to the left over the Sydling downs to Cerne Park, which he just skirted, and on to the Up-Cerne Wood, and then straight to the Telegraph and High Stoy ; turned then to the left, and sunk the vale for Hill-field, and took a circuit in the Vale, and then up the hill to Hanover. Here the pace began to tell, "bellows to mend" being the general cry, some trotting and some walking, and some at a standstill. The fox from here went across Batcombe Hill, leaving Sydling Wood on the left, and into the Sydling Barn Wood, where a fresh varmint was holloaed, and Ben stopped the hounds, having runned this second fox two hours and twenty-five minutes, with hardly a check, and had it not been for the unfortunate holloa, would have killed him in a few minutes. Thus ended as good a day's sport as I ever seen. It was a day which showed the staunchness and perseverance of the hounds, and old Ben Jennings (who appears getting younger) in the brightest colours. The veterinary surgeons were much in request in the evening, as several horses could not reach home ; but have not heard of any dead.

Dorchester, November 17th, 1835.

Brilliant run with Mr. Hall's Hounds—
Jem Treadwell, Huntsman.

1836.—16th January.—Met at Postlebury Wood, near Frome ; found a gallant old fox who had evidently taken a dislike to the frequent blasts of the horn of that fine

sportsman—Mr. Codringten, and had left the agitated depths of Great Ridge for the quiet recesses of Postlebury. On being found, this fox went away by Marston on to Witham Park, through the great Bradley Woods to the Wiltshire hills, pointing for Willoughby Hedge, direct to the coverts of Great Ridge ; here at once showing the necessity of hunting foxes regularly, and sending them from one part to another. The hounds from here got a view of him on the open downs, and keeping the view for three miles, ran him into a farm-yard, where deliberation became the order of the day, and this stout fox bid them a long adieu at the end of a severe run of two hours and fifteen minutes, and covering over twelve miles. This was with the "big" pack.

Monday, Jan. 18th.—The "little" pack met this day at East Lydford, where a good fox was up and doing in a crack, and going away over the finest vale ever crossed by man and horse, direct for Cadbury Castle, where he got to ground at the end of one hour and twenty minutes, covering over ten miles as the crow flies. The hounds were handled in a masterly manner by Mr. Hall during this trying run,—the huntsman being laid up with a bad fall on the 16th.

Run with Mr. Portman's Hounds.

Jan. 21st, 1836.—This splendid pack made their appearance at Lydlinch Bridge, and were soon introduced to Mr. Yeatman's cover—Stockwood, where a fox was found immediately, and quickly made his way across the park for the Caundle river and the Caundle holts, at a racing pace, and on to Lord Digby's park, which was reached in 55 minutes, where he was unfortunately lost amid the foil of deer, crosswards, and many other impediments to a grand termination. And here I wish

every man who is a lover of symmetry, power, and perseverance, combined within the "middle size," to look at Mr. Portman's hounds and see how they climb the steep hills of Dorset, and top the big fences of the Blackmoor Vale inclosures.

Jan. 26th, 1836.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at Deadmoor this day to pay respects to an old fox which had led them many miles on former occasions, without killing. No sooner had the firm and truly melodious voice of old Ben Jennings been heard before this well-known fox went away with the pack on good terms to the Puxey Commons and the enclosures to Bagber and the river Stour at the top of their speed. Reynard crossed the river, as usual, making his way for Marnhull where the thickly interpersed roads and fallows brought them to a long check, but Ben's superior head soon put them all right, and crossing the Stour again for Fifehead Magdalen, this old varmint was lost after a run of ten miles, without a turn, in one hour and forty minutes.

[No doubt this was the same fox which was killed at Doncliffe by Mr. Portman's hounds on the 15th February following.] *See page* 9.

1836.—February 3rd.—The Mountain Harriers intended meeting at Hartfoot-lane, near Ansty, on this day, but owing to the heavy fall of snow the day before, could not hunt. Mail-coaches were stopped, and many lives lost; the oldest people never remembered so much snow fall in so short a time. My father, in Wiltshire, intended visiting Somerset, stopped at Charnage three days owing to the block and could not reach Somerset then, but came direct home to Waterson.

February 13th, 1836.—This is a run with the same deer that was killed at Melbury Park on the 15th of April the same year, as per account from the *Salisbury Journal* of Feb. 22nd, 1836. Met at Revels Inn, by a brilliant field of sportsmen; found under Mount Silver; the deer after a few turns in cover, soon received notice to quit. Bounding over the hill to Minterne plantations, and being headed, sunk the vale by Clinger farm-house, and away at best pace by the Grange Woods, to High Stoy, through the Nursery gardens at Hermitage, skirting Hillfield Coppice, and over the steeps to Upcerne Wood, through which, pointing for Cerne Park, where, (taking a refreshing dip in a pond) she turned short to the left, and retracing part of Upcerne cover and stretching over the hill, took the Vale by the Alder-moors, leaving Woolcome clump to the left to Paper-hill coppice. Here the fences came thick and strong to Leigh common, crossing the turnpike road by Totnel Corner, and by Whitehouse and Stock-bridge Common, to Holnest bushes and Snail farm, leaving Whitfield-wood on the left, pointing to Leweston house; turning short to the right, the hounds got a view, the deer taking tremendous raspers, with the pack close at her haunches, to Holnest Common, where a friendly check ensued, which proved most acceptable to the blown nags, occasioned in great measure by the deer taking over the strong furze-bushes. Short, however was the respite, a quick and judicious cast set them all in motion; at her again were to be seen the "little invincibles" topping the quick-set hedges at a merry pace, crossing the brook to Holnest coppice, where it became evident that victory was to be the reward of the "little ones." Leaving Holnest House to the right, and crossing the enclosures by the church, the deer taking the river and swimming under the bridge, being discovered down

the stream, an attempt was made by stopping the hounds to take her (by some men who were on the spot). Disdaining such captivity, the deer sprang from her cool retreat, crossed the enclosures, and was finally taken uninjured in the turnpike-road opposite Holnest farm-house, after two hours and fifty minutes of severe running both for horses and hounds, as the most arduous lovers of the chase could wish. The last hour-and-three-quarters was over the stiffest and most difficult part of the Dorset Vale. Out of a starting field of upwards of forty, fifteen only were up at the finish; and it was computed by the knowing ones that this noble wild animal must have covered considerably over twenty miles from the different points during the run, and the superior manner in which the hounds done their work during this extraordinary run, will be long remembered by the chosen few who had the extreme pleasure of being present during the *whole* of this splendid run. This deer received her liberty the same day after being taken, and it will be a satisfaction to many to learn she has since been seen, and is alive and well. The deer was turned out the same evening in Sir Henry Digby's cover at Mount Silver, and was killed at Melbury Park on the 15th of April, 1836. And with that kill ended our season of 1836, killing 103 hares and 8 roe-deer.

March 6th, 1836.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at King-grove after the hunt dinner at the King's Arms, Dorchester; found a fox, and went away with a good scent, on by the old Cerne turnpike to Giant's Head, through Holcombe, Hawcombe, to Eight Acres Coppice, sunk the vale at Clinger farm, and on to Revels Inn and Castle Hill, down over Dunce common to Pulham farm, (Mr. Bullen's) where they killed him in a pig-stye,

without a check. There were about 200 horsemen out. Tatchel Bullen had three awful falls from a horse which was lent him to ride that day, but was not much hurt.

1836.—April 5th.—The meet this day of the Mountain Harriers was at Revels Inn, to hunt roe-deer. A good meet, upwards of sixty horsemen in the field, and 14½ couples of hounds. After trying Mount Silver, and other covers blank, a deer was found at two o'clock in Eight Acres coppice ; running from one cover to the other in the neighbourhood, owing to being continually headed by foot people. At last, going away by Revels Inn, and crossing the enclosures and vale on to Dogberry gate, and the High Stoy Woods, and then taking a turn to Upcerne coppices, and making her point to the Vale, to Hillfield, and through the Alder-moors at Batcombe, and over the hill to Sydling Wood, and towards Woolcombe clump, when the wind blowing a hurricane, and rain falling in torrents, hounds and horses were fairly beaten out of the field, and we lost our deer after running her 1 hour and 35 minutes. This doe was the same that was taken at Stoke Wake after a run of 1 hour and 50 minutes, three years before. She was turned out at King-grove, was hunted three times from the MountSilver covers, the hounds being stopped from taking her when running to Kingrove, and another time taking her after an extraordinary run of 2 hours 5 minutes in the Vale.

April 12th, 1836.—Met at Hart-foot-lane for Bulbarrow ; fog so thick, we couldn't hunt. Met the next day (13th) and found three deer in Stoke wood ; took to the buck, and after running from one cover to the other, we went away to Woolland wood, and over the hill to Houghton Stubbs, the hounds working him in fine style, Running the whole range of Houghton Wood, breaking away for Milton Park, and being headed, took to Hough-

ton Wood again, where, after worrying him in first-rate pace, killed without a check in 1 hour and 5 minutes. A three-year-old buck. Gave this deer to Mr. Loftus, of Woolland House.

April 15th, 1836.—The meet this day was at Revels Inn, to hunt the noted barren roe doe. A field of upwards of 130 horsemen and 100 foot people assembled. After drawing the covers round Mount Silver, and a part of the Grange Woods blank, received a message the deer had been seen in Upcerne Wood. Arriving there, found immediately near the keeper's house, at half-past two o'clock. Taking a turn round the cover, and making away over the hills, pointing for Sydling wood ; turning to the right, and sinking the hill by Batcombe into the Vale, through the Aldermoors at a clinking pace to Paper Hill coppice to the Leigh Commons, and over the stiff enclosures to Holnest Common, then turning to the left by Totnel Corner. and passing near the parishes of Leigh and Chetnole, and across that fine bit of the Vale, then over the hill by Bub Down, and into the Melbury woods, belonging to the Earl of Ilchester, and jumping the iron fence into the deer-park, where Mr. Harding stopped the hounds, the deer being dead beat. after a distressing pace for horses and hounds for one hour and fifty-five minutes. Some foot people being in the park, ran after the deer and caught her in a few minutes under the windows of Melbury House ; but escaping, it attempted to jump a wall 12 feet high, and unfortunately fell back and broke her back. Thus ended this splendid run of at least 18 miles. During this run, Mr. Harry Nash, riding his favorite grey steeplechase horse, with a "boot" on one of his fore legs, in taking a double, a stake got in between the "boot" and the leg, and the

horse in trying to extricate itself, fell into the opposite ditch and broke its neck. [Mr. Nash was the noted veterinary surgeon, of Dorchester, and died of cholera in 1849.] The hounds had 14 miles home. Mr. Harding gave three quarters of this doe to Mr. H. Digby and the other quarter to Mr. Spinks, of Melbury.

1837.—March 9th.—Met at Hartfoot-lane*; drew the cover by the Red House, blank ; went on to Stoke-wood and found two does and a buck ; the buck, after many turns in the adjoining covers, broke away over the hill by Stoke Church, through Balmer's Combe and crossed the stiff bit of vale to Melcombe Park ; after making a turn in that stronghold, took to the hills by Nettlecombe Tout and the ewe-leases, leaving the "Fox" Inn, Plush, on the left, to Ball-wood and Armswell ; turning short back, in view of the pack, and over the Plush hill to Watcoombe-wood, and sinking Plush bottom back to the Folly, was fairly beat off by heavy rain and hail, and the wind blowing a hurricane, after running 1 hour and 50 minutes.

---

* Hartfoot-lane is supposed to have derived its name from a deer which escaped out of Windsor Park in the time of Julius Cæzar, and the track of this hart was first seen at Hartfoot-lane, and the sign of the King's Stag, Pulham, now remains, but the Inn has been done away with for years, and the May-pole marks the spot where the deer was taken.

The following lines are under the Sign:

When Julius Cæzar reigned here,
I was but then a little deer ;
When Julius Cæzar reigned King,
Around my neck he put this ring ;
Whoever does me overtake,
Spare me for Julius Cæzar's sake.

1833.—Octr. 17th —Having received an invitation from Mr Yeatman, of Stock House, to hunt fallow-deer in the Stock woods, the Mountain Harriers went down from Waterson the evening before, with Travers the whip, myself reaching there the next morning, after dining with the Dorchester troop of Yeomanry, at the Antelope Hotel, Dorchester. Met at 10.30, a very blustering and rainy morning. The old buck which we were in hopes of finding, was killed by some poachers on Bagber Common a few days before. Found a doe, which the pack stuck to most merrily, and taking her in 40 minutes without leaving her haunts. Found a second in about half-an-hour—a doe, which the little harriers stuck to most determinely, but could not get her to face the open but once, and then she soon returned again ; we traversed the Bramley covers over and over again, and killed in 1 hour and 30 minutes. Dined and slept at Stock House, and hunted with Mr. Yeatman next day, but no sport, being exceedingly wet. Two deer killed.

March 11th, 1838.—Met at Charborough Lodge to hunt roe-deer. Found a fine buck in a plantation near the Lodge, and an effort was made to make him break away over the road, and not to cross the park, by opening some palings, but he broke in defiance over the park, where there were nearly 600 fallow-deer. Skirting these, and through the park gates, which were thrown open, the buck went away through the plantations and enclosures to Lytchett High Wood, which he did not leave, and was finally taken after standing before the hounds 1 hour 8 minutes.

April 19th, 1838.—Met at Delcombe Wood, by the kind permission of Mr. Damer, of Milton Abbey, to make a bold attempt for this little pack to hunt a deer.

Found about a dozen, and running in all directions. Singling out a buck, and getting the hounds well together and running the extensive covers hereabout for 1 hour and 5 minutes, killed our buck in DelcombeWood, much to the astonishment of myself and the whole field. The hounds stuck to their quarry in a manner hardly to be credited, unless by those who witnessed the same.

Run, November 14th, 1838.—

Met at Gorwell, where my father wanted a fox killed which had been killing the poultry. This was Treadwell's first season, as he came to Mr. Farquharson from Mr. Hall, (Blackmore Vale) in the month of April, 1837. The Rev. William Butler wished my mother "Good Morning" as she was in the dining-room with five children, and said to her, "look at the olive branches round about thy table." We found this fat old customer in a cover called "Broad Coppice," went away through Hanging Coppice, Park Coppice, and over the ups and downs to Bridehead Farm, ascended the steep hill ; on the top, he went away across Stepleton Down, turned to the left through Winterborne Plantation, on straight over the open downs to Kingston Russel, where the hounds caught him jumping a wall. A Frenchman was staying at Cattistock for the hunting season, and he was very fond of the sport. Just as they killed their fox, Billy Butler fell off his horse in a fit, but soon recovered, and as the hounds were eating the fox, the foreigner said—"what a pity he did not die," (meaning the hunting parson); and Mr. Farquharson with several others asked him what he meant, he said again—"Pity he did not die, as we could cry de Who-Whoop over de fox and de Billy Butler at de same time." Once Mr. Farquharson, after a day's fox-

hunting, asked him to dine, he said he should like it very much, and Mr. F. asked him if he would like to change his shirt. "No thank you" he said, "I shirted yesterday."

Nov. 23rd, 1838.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at Buckland Wood, and found a fox which went away in the direction of Nottington and Broadwey; turning to the left, up the Upwey valley and brook, which was a little up-hill, and a high fence on the take-off side. Jem Treadwell put his young horse at it, and unfortunately did not clear the very wide and deep ditch on the other side, which was nearly full of water; the horse hit both his shoulders against the opposite bank, and dislocated *both* the points at the shoulder; and Harry Nash, the eminent veterinary surgeon, and rider, told Mr. Farquharson nothing could be done but shoot it. This horse was bought only the week before for 120 gns. Treadwell got on one of the whip's horses, and went on after the hounds over the hills to Bromcoombe, where he got up to the pack at the first check, got on Reynard's line again across Martinstown and Steepleton fields, and ran into him at Winterborne, near the Coach & Horses Inn. Treadwell told me many times after, that this was the only time his master was ever angry with him, and said "You must be more careful how you ride a young horse at a blind fence."

December 6th, 1838.

Met at Buckland Wood, found in that noted place called "Clover Coppice," Shilvinghamton, crossed the Buckland Vale, up the steep hill to where Hardy's Monument now stands, on over Blagdon, Steepleton Ewe-leazes, through Winterborne Plantation, over the Dorchester and Bridport turnpike, Kingston Russel

Farm, to East Compton, where several of the horses of officers belonging to the Scots Greys, then stationed at Dorchester, stood still. Penny, the Whip, could not go any further, those who struggled on saw the hounds earth their fox at Wynholes, West Compton. This was a most trying and brilliant run, with a remarkable scent.

Mountain Harriers.

Dec. 13th, 1838.—Met at Bulbarrow with 12½ couple of hounds. I rode "Anticipation," and Travers the dun horse. Found a brace of deer immediately, and taking a turn round the hill covers, and away off the hill for Woolland Ivors, straight through which, and leaving the Delcombe woods on the left, and running the hills on to Hilton woods, then bearing to the left for Milton Abbey covers, where, owing to so many deer being on foot, was obliged to stop the hounds. This was a fine old buck, and we ran him about 40 minutes. Took the hounds back to Stoke, and found a brace more, and settling on a four-year-old doe, and running the covers for some time, crossed over to Norwood, went straight through this long cover, and bearing away over the fine vale, leaving Hazelbury Church on the left. Here the fences became very strong, and required some good nerves to get over on the opposite side. The little ones were going at a merry pace, and crossing the brook, pointing for Piddles Wood, but the hounds running from scent to view, obliged her to turn, and forcing her on to Woolland Wood, straight through one corner, and breaking for Woolland Common to a small plantation near, where she was ran into after 1 hour and 53 minutes. All very highly pleased with the day's sport. Gave this deer to Captain Loftus, of Wcolland House.

Dec. 30th, 1838.—Met at Hartfoot-lane to hunt roe-

deer ; found a buck, and after giving him a good rattling in the Vale covers, took to the hills, and on to the Hilton woods, and giving him several turns there, killed him in 30 minutes. Sent this buck, by the wish of Major Shirley, to Col. the Hon. G. L. D. Damer, M.H., No. 6, Tilney-street, Park-lane, London.

First-class Run with Jem Treadwell.

Dec. 23rd, 1838.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at Kingston Russel ; had a bad beginning with ringing fox and killed. Next day they were going back to Eastbury to spend Christmas ; and, there being a large field out, and no more hunting before they came back to Cattistock in the middle of February following, they wanted to find another fox. Treadwell said it was two o'clock, but Mr. Sampson said there was a fox in the willow-bed close by the dairy-house, and there we went. A good one of the right sort was off in a moment, over the hill and through the Gorwell and Ashley covers to Puncknowle Wood, to East Bexington, on by the beach to Abbotsbury Castle. where hares were running in all directions. Had a check here, and Harry Templer, of Bridport, said to Treadwell—"I think you are on a hare." Treadwell looked round at him and said—"What ——— do you think Mr. Farquharson keep servants for, but to know if they are hunting a fox or a hare," then blew his horn, saw two or three leading hounds all right on Reynard's line, crossed the road into the Decoy, all through the spear beds, where he turned to the left to Elworth, on through Wyke Wood to Fleet, bore on to the plantations to Langton Herring, crossing the Abbotsbury and Weymouth road, the moon shining brightly, and the hounds running for blood. Treadwell here said to me—"Ride on and see if he tries for Buckland Wood, which he did not reach by one field, as he could not get over a low

wall, but laid down before the hounds, as good a fox as ever ran. Horses all tired, and a long way home to the kennels. Tatchell Bullen said it was a first-class run from find to finish.

Dec. 28th, 1838.—Mr. Drax found his fox in a piece of gorse on Bere Down, which went away at a rattling pace for Whitechurch and Milton Park, a cover of 500 acres, where they stuck to him for 30 minutes, and got well away to Whatcombe, where the majority of the pack changed on to a fresh fox, but a couple of steady hounds went on and killed the hunted one, after a good run of 1 hour 15 minutes without a check.

Dec. 31st, 1838.—A large field met Mr. Drax at Milborne Wood (by permission of Mr. Farquharson), which was drawn blank, but an old dog fox was found in the gorse on Coles Farm, and went away through Milborne Wood, and on to Dewlish, racing away over the wild Druce and Cheselborne Downs to Liscombe, here sinking the hill into Melcombe Park, where the lady pack got up to him wished him a happy new year, after a brilliant burst of 55 minutes without a check, and nearly straight.

January 23rd, 1839.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds came from Eastbury, and slept at Mr. Groves's at Knighton. Met next day at Stafford (Mr. Floyer's), found in Friarmayne willow-bed. Over the meadows to Knighton plantation, Warmwell sheep-wash, and Warmwell Wood, turned to the left across the enclosures to Hope Wood, on to Galton Common, down by the side of the long bog to Tadnole Mill ; over the Winfrith and Burton Common Heath, leaving Moreton Obelisk on the left, crossed over the river at Bovington ; here, strength failing, ran a few small covers up to the old Elizabethan mansion at

Wool Bridge, and killed in the cow-shed. A very large field was out, from Dorchester and neighbourhood. Frederick Farquharson was there, and going to a hunt ball at Handsford Inn that night. Jem Tizzard, of Ashton ; Wm. Roberts, of Cogdean ; the Bryant's, Symes's, Burgess's, Fookes's, and a host of others, went back to Mr. John Porter's, at Clyffe, to give the horses rest, and ourselves too. Got back to Gorwell about six o'clock, very dark. Old Ben Jennings was there to show Jem Treadwell the difficult country to get over.

February 6th, 1839.—Hounds just returned from Eastbury to Cattistock. Met at Kingcombe Coppice ; found, and went away to Hook Park, Wytherstone, Powerstock Common, Barrowland, on to Wynford big wood, West Compton, over the Roman road for Kingston Russell, turned to the right over Longbredy and Litton Down to Stancombe, turned to the left over Askerswell hill, crossed the Dorchester and Bridport turnpike to Chilcombe ; on to Coombe Coppice, and killed on the down close by. Elias Hutchings, of Broadwinsor, and Edward Pope, of Toller, had a fine scuffle about the brush, but Mr. Farquharson decided that Mr. Pope should have the coveted prize.

February 20th, 1839.—Met at Puncknowle Wood ; went away towards East Bexington, turned to the left and ran over Abbotsbury Wears to Broad Coppice, Gorwell, on to Bridehead, over the hill, and crossed the Portesham road, on over Blagdon, to where Hardy's monument now stands, right ahead over Bromcoombe to Friar Waddon ; on by Ashton and Monkton, over the Upwey quarries, and rolled him over in the turnpike-road, where the tunnel now is on Ridgway Hill. Old Ben Jennings was in this grand run with Treadwell.

Nov. 13th, 1839.—Met at Compton Barn; found at Wynholes, went straight away for Wynford big coppice, straight through, and on to Barrowland, to Wytherstone, crossed Powerstock Common, over Eggerton Hill, sunk the vale to Askerswell, on to the Travellers' Rest, where we crossed the Bridport and Dorchester turnpike, on to Shipton Gorge, leaving Bredy and Burton Bradstock on the left, to Burton North Down, in view of the sea, on Wytch farm; and a mile from there he lay down in a ditch close to Bridport harbour; and the hounds richly deserved their prize.

Nov, 24th, 1839.—Met at Travellers' Rest; had a bad morning round Chilcombe and Berwick; found about 2 o'clock in Hodder's Coppice, a stump-tail, and mangey all behind. Went off over the Litton water-meadows to Hook Wood, turned to the left to Chapel Coppice and Ashley Covers, on to Longbredy, and over the hills to Kingston Russell, East Compton. and ran the old Roman road two miles, on to Frampton hog-leazes, where all the horses had enough; but Treadwell still held the hounds on his line through Frampton Park and over the Maiden Newton road to Madjeston, and darkness coming on had to give up, But an old sportsman said—"Never mind, Jem, it's very pretty pastime."

Dec. 4th, 1839.—Met at Wynford Eagle; found in Big Wood, went away to Barrow-land, and Wytherston, to Hook Park, turned to the left back to Powerstock and Brown's farm, across the vale to Askerswell, Nallers, and Stancombe, over the hill to Litton Down, and the hounds killed their fox and had eat him, all but the head, when Treadwell got to them, on the grey pourtrayed in Mr. Farquharson's presentation picture. called "Paddy from Cork," or "Murphy," the best horse for a trying run I

ever saw. Several horses were left at Askerswell and in Stancombe barn for the night, so beaten that they could not get over the steep hill by Coombe gate.

Nov. 8th, 1840.—Met at Yellowham Wood ; found on Duddle Heath ; ran right across Ilsington heath, through Ilsington Wood, over to Tincleton Hangings, right over Mr. Crane's heath, leaving Sayers' Wood on the right, to Affpuddle, ran up the water meadows to Briantspuddle and Turnerspuddle, turned to the left over Briantspuddle fields, through Spring Gardens, over Black Hill, turned to the left by Shitterton, and went to ground in the main earth at the end of Piddleswood, opposite Roke brakes. A splendid run ; never had a check. Hounds went back to Cattistock.

Nov. 25th, 1840.—Met at Bradford plantations ; the hounds just come from Eastbury kennels to Cattistock ; a very large meet from Bridport, Dorchester, and other places. Found in the large furze brake, and went away over Skippet farm, and Littlewood farm, leaving the old Roman road to Compton and other places west on the left; went over that large open space called Hogleazes, (where so many coursing meetings were held every year by kind permission of R. B. Sheridan, Esq., of Frampton Court) From Hog-leaze the run continued on to Kingston Russell, where they crossed the Dorchester and Bridport turnpike, on over the downs to Longbredy, down the water-meadows of Litton Cheny, turned short to the left for Goole and Puncknowle Wood, where this old customer went into the main earth. So ended this long run. Old Mr. Fookes, of Whitechurch, and his son Henry, were out ; also the Hills, of Tarrant Hinton ; Mr. Jas. Burgess, and Mr. John Burgess. A long way home. The two Mr. Hills slept at Whitechurch.

Sport with Mr. Drax's Hounds.

November 30th, 1840.— Milborne Fair-day.— Mr. Farquharson gave Mr. Drax a day at Milborne Wood. Found a fox, and went away to Dewlish House, through Basing-hill plantation, and on to Druce, through the west end hedge-rows to Lower Waterson, crossed the road, over Waterson Ridge to Gray'sWood, over the Dorchester road, across Coker's Frome farm, to Wolverton Clump, over Barton farm, and killed in Charminster parish.

A Clipper with Mr. Farquharson's Pack.

December 11th, 1840.—Met at Melcombe barn; found in Melcombe Park. After running one hour and half in cover, a fox left for Breach Wood, leaving Ansty Brewery on the right, to Hilton plantations, crossing over the Cheselborne and Dewlish Commons to Coles Hill Barn, Milborne, into Milborne Wood; went straight through and over the Dorchester turnpike, leaving Milborne Field Barn on the right, to Tolpuddle Common; turning to the left, and crossing the water-meadows at Rogers' Hill, to Roke farm, Bere down, to Muddock's Barrow, pointing for Bere Wood, where, being headed, turned short to the left, leaving Kingston parish on the right, and through Saint Loe's Coppice, and over the London road at Whitechurch, through Chescombe farm to Hewish plantation, crossing the Milton road between Hewish and Bagber,and then straight for Milborne wood. About two hours up to this time, the ground going very heavy, and wet. I saw only one horse able to make a canter here (Mr. Graham's of Weymouth) a fine chesnut horse which was purchased of Mr. George Richards, of High Chaldon Farm, Winfrith. The hounds were beat too, as well as the horses, and it took them about an hour to kill the fox, in a ditch near Milborne fair-ground,—a five or six-year-old dog fox; and it was nearly dark.

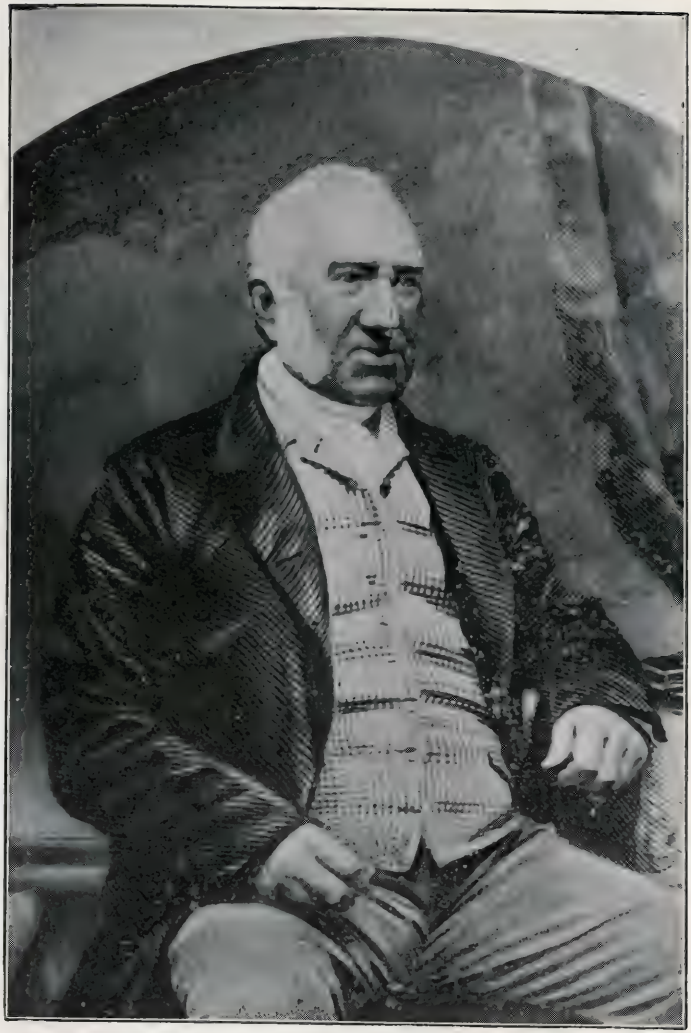
Jem Treadwell said it was the hardest run since he carried a horn, the pace good, and sometimes fast. About 80 horsemen were out, of whom only 20 to 25 got to see the end, and hear the whoo-whoop! From the time of leaving Melcombe Park to the kill was over 3 hours. Had 18 miles to reach the kennels.

January 9th, 1841.—Met at Milborne Wood; went away to Dewlish House, Basing Hill, over Druce farm to Burn Coppice, crossed the Piddlehinton road at Muston, on to Waterson Ridge, Wolverton Clump, Lord Ilchester's brake to Forston, over the Cerne turnpike to Stratton and Grimston downs, sunk the valley as if for Maiden Newton coppice, turned to the left through Hyde plantations, over the river into Frampton Park, and lost him at Little-wood. Mr. Samuel Davis lived there at that time. I expect the fox must have died, as it was a very long and severe run.

Another Grand Run.

Nov. 1st, 1841.—Met at Milborne Wood; found a fox which we had hunted twice before over the same line. Had a good scent, and got away with hounds close to him, over the Dewlish road to Bagber coppice and Cheselborne fields to Bingham's Melcombe, then on over Hilton down to Ansty Brewery, (where we had lost two seasons following), on to Breach Wood, through Melcombe Park without a turn to Alton Common, when he took the vale for Bewley, leaving Buckland Knoll on the left, and pulled him down in the shrubbery under Castle Hill House. A grand run.

Nov. 13th, 1841.—Mr. Drax's hounds met at Roke farm; the master and the hunt servants (viz. John Last, huntsman, Harry Honey and Jem Penny, whips) were



JAMES JOHN FARQUHARSON, ESQ., M.F.H.

all mounted on grey horses, mostly half-bred Arabs. Found in Roke Brake, broke away by Roger's Hill farm-house, over the meadow and Bere road, across the open Briantspuddle fields into the boggy meadows, leaving the village on the right, across the heath nearly to Oaker's Wood, which he passed on the left ; on over the Moreton road, leaving Marlpits on the left, to and through Sayers' Wood, where a party was rabbiting, and the fox ran into the long net, but was lucky enough to get out again ; across Southover Heath, leaving Tincleton Hanging on the left, sunk the hill between Little Admiston and Tincleton parish, down the water-meadows, keeping the river on the left, past Norris Mill, on to Duddle and Bhompstone, where the fox lay down in an open drain in the meadow, and the hounds ran over him ; the hounds made their own cast, and came back, when the fox jumped up in the middle of them, and they pulled him down. A very fast run, and a splendid day's sport.

January 29th, 1842.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at Uddens, found, and went away across the heath to Chalbury Hill, through Chetter Wood, and then a brilliant finish from scent to view over the downs to Thickthorn Hill, and killed. Eleven miles without a check.

January 30th, 1842.—This run with Mr.Farquharson was from the Decoy Pond, Kingston Lacy, 16 miles over plough and down. First went to Badbury rings, then on to the Chetter woods and covers, crossed the downs by Long Crichel, through Oakley Wood, past Woodyates Inn to Pentridge Hill, where Mr. Farquharson, on old "Champion," was among the few to see Treadwell get

off "Poplin" and give the who-whoop. "Poplin" was an Irish mare, and so was "Murphy," the grey, who carried Treadwell so well in so many good runs and did the celebrated 14ft. drop in the Buckland country.

Two good Runs with Mr. Drax's Hounds.

February 3rd, 1842.—Met at Colwood ; found, and went away through Little Colwood across Muston down, Whitechurch plantation, on to Peat Hill, straight ahead over the meadows to Warren's Close and Horse Close, on over Bere down to Hayward's farm, turned a little to the left over Roke farm, and the Milborne road, over the down to West Roke, sunk the valley, and across the water-meadows to Rogers Hill, and pulled him down under Tolpuddle Ball. This was a very straight and quick run ; a good field out, and every one much pleased. Hounds in tip-top condition, and did their work mostly by themselves. The hound management at Charboro is very good, and that is the reason the straight-necked foxes are brought to hand.

February 6th, 1842.—Met at Roke brake ; found, went over Roke and Milborne farms to Milborne Rings, crossed the meadows to Warren Hill, turned to the right over Milborne ewe-leaze, straight as an arrow through Milborne big wood, as it was in those days ; on to Crawthorn farm, turned to the right, and ran the long plantation from one end to the other, over the Milborne and Dewlish road in the direction of Bagber Coppice, which was left on the right ; turned down across Wood's Down, and over the brook, (where Mr. Thos. House and his horse had a good ducking), ascended the hill opposite and killed in the middle of Mr. Edward Davis's farm at Cheselborne. Mr. James Burgess, of Launceston, used to say—"what very pretty pastime."

Mr. Farquharson's Clinkers.

Novr. 17th, 1842.—Met at Milborne Wood; found, and went away to Chibberd, Druce, Doles Hill, Puddle-hinton, crossed the road as if for Forston and Nether Cerne, turned to the right all on by the old Cerne turnpike to Little Kingrove, crossed two fields, and was killed jumping the hedge into big Kingrove. Several horses had fever in the feet, and never hunted any more *that* season.

January 4th, 1843.—Met at Fifehead Neville; found Deadmoor Common; went away through Rooksmoor, Hazelbury Common, to the "Green Man," Pulham, and ran in the direction for Pulham church, turned to the right over the stiff country to Holwell plantation, on to Glanville's Wootton, leaving Castle Hill to the left; on through Black Allers, across the open between Chandlers Coppice, and Woodfalls, and ran into him in the open under Eight Acres Coppice near Dogberry Gate. I rode a black horse that day, called "Jack Tar," and right well he carried me without a mistake.

March 2nd, 1843.—Met at Armswell; found, and went away at once to Bookham, Buckland Knoll, crossed the road to Alton, on to Holcombe, turned to the left at Giant's Head, ran by the side of the road on to Kingrove, turned to the right towards Nether Cerne, over Forston farm to Lord Ilchester's brake, Wolfeton Clump, on over Burton farm to the top of Charminster parish (where the County School now stands), turned to the left thro' Henry Mayo's farm, where, being very nearly beat, he lay down in a large piece of high turnips and rape; had a long check, which roused the Dorchester people, who flocked out, hearing the hounds, like Bedlam let loose. Treadwell knew the fox must be here, and kept on

casting ; after a bit, some-one saw Reynard laying out straight in the middle of the turnip field, whipped him up, ran two fields, crossed the turnpike into Stinsford Park, and killed him under a large tree. Penny, the whip, got up into the tree, and held the fox over the hounds for the Dorchester folks to witness what *treeing* a fox meant. So ended one of the most enjoyable runs I had the good luck to be out in, and seen the end too.

March 16th, 1843.—Met at Martinstown ; drew the furze-brakes on Hawkins's farm, blank ; went into Bradford plantations, and found ; away at once over the large arables and ewe-leazes, and crossed the river Frome water-meadows by Stratton, straight ahead over Stratton downs, turning to the right, and over the Cerne and Dorchester turnpike, and on where the new Asylum now stands ; then crossed the old Cerne turnpike to Lord Ilchester's house, then the downs to Wolverton Clump, where he did not dwell (scent breast high) but went over Coker's Frome farm, to Waterson Ridge, as if for Grey's Wood and Yellowham, but altering his mind, being so hard pressed, turned to the left down over Higher Waterson farm, and went to ground in a deep pit in a hedge-row where many a litter of cubs have been bred, and close to Mr. Jas. Harding's house, where the Mountain Harriers were kept by that staunch sportsman so many years. He had the thousandth hare stuffed that was killed by his merry pack.

November 3rd, 1843.—Met at Shortwood, and had a very large field; as usual after the Sturminster Newton show, which was held the day before ; drew Shortwood blank, a most rare occurrence ; then went into that little spinney called Bewley ; off like a shot went Reynard and the hounds over the Pulham brook, which runs

close by, and across the stiff enclosures, and road from Buckland Newton to Pulham, to Duntish Common, where myself on my chesnut, and the late John Floyer, M.P., of Stafford, had it to ourselves (getting a good start over the brook). At this point, Treadwell and Penny got up, and on we went to the big earths at Dungeon, Castle Hill, which were closed ; crossing the road into Black Allers and the Glanville's Wootton covers, making as if for the Grange Woods, but turning to the right, went straight for Butterwick. One fence here—a big double, and a drop on the other side—I shall never forget ; Treadwell called out to me to come at it as fast as I could, or I should not get over. He knew the fence well ; he was riding his favorite Vale horse, called "The Prince." When we reached Butterwick, we lost our fox all at once ; and so ended this quick run. Mr. George Whieldon, afterwards Master of the Vine Hounds, had a bad fall, and the hind foot of his horse struck him in the forehead and scalped him. Fred. House, of Anderson, riding "Dainty," came to his rescue, and tied up his head with his handkerchief to stop the blood. Shortly afterwards Mr. Whieldon sent him a silver cigar case for his kindness and ready help.

March 7th, 1844.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at that noted Vale cover, Whitfield Wood ; myself and Fred. House, of Anderson, was asked by Treadwell to come down and see if we could not take the shine out of the Somerset hard riders, who were sure to assemble in full force. I left Milborne at 6 o'clock in the morning, and met Fred. House at Cheselborne. We went on together, and had a twenty-miles ride to the meet. When we reached there, about 200 horsemen were assembled. We found in a moment, and the fox broke

in full view of the large field ; there was a good scent. The scene at a rotten brook close by was indescribable ; there were quite twenty horses and men floundering about in it. Fred. House and myself got over nicely, and had the lead for over a mile up that stiff bit of vale to Honeycomb Wood, leaving Leweston House on the right. Just before reaching this cover, Fred. House had a bad fall over a double, and I did not see any more of him till the run was over. We ran our fox straight through Honeycomb and on over the river to Lenthay race-course, and lost the varmint near Mudford Bridge, without a check. We rode that day over 50 miles.

Novr. 27th, 1844.—The day after I was married, I gave my brother-in-law (Mr. Robert Fookes, of Weston, Bath), who was up to my wedding, a mount on my chesnut horse, and he rode in white cord trowsers. The hounds met at that favorite cover, Shortwood ; found, and went away to Bewley Wood, over Pulham brook, on to Duntish Common, past Castle Hill, over the road, and across the stiff vale by the Revels Inn,* leaving Chandler's Coppice and Woodfalls on the left ; they crossed the turnpike-road near the White Horse at Middlemarsh, right through the Grange Woods and on to Totnel Corner, and Hillfields, and Batcombe, leaving High Stoy, Hanover Woods, and the Hill covers on the left ; passed Mr. Cockeram's plantation on to Holywell,

---

* Here in the old coaching days, they used to change horses, before the new Cerne turnpike was made from Dorchester to Sherborne; and at Revels Inn, old Ben Jennings used to pay the earth-stoppers from the Cattistock country, and they generally kept it up right merrily for three days. In the Eastbury part of the country, the men were paid at Horton Inn.

and into Melbury Park, where the pack pulled him down in good style. This was a grand day's sport, and was so admitted by all who had the good luck to be out on that day.

January 8th, 1845.—Met at Dewlish House; drew Milborne Wood and other covers blank up to 2 o'clock. I said to Mr. Farquharson, "Will you go and draw Lord Rivers's new brake on Cheselborne Common? It has never been tried." "Go on, Treadwell," he said, "and see what sort of a place it is." We got there, and no sooner were the hounds in than out went a brace of foxes; the pack went away with one across the valley and over the road, leaving Bingham's Melcombe on the right, on over Henning Hill, sunk the hill, over the road from Cheselborne to Ansty, on to Mr. Davis's cottages on the hill. Here some of the horses stood still, the pace and the scent being very good. From there we went over the next bottom, leaving Liscombe covers on the right, over the next hill to Plush, on straight ahead over Plush bottom, and on to the next hill, in front of Alton House, where we killed. A most trying up and down run. Mr. Edward Pope, of Toller, went back to my house at Milborne that night, and slept. He rode his capital iron grey, and I was on "Jack Tar," both horses bought of Longman, "Green Man" stables, Dorchester.

Feb. 14th, 1845.—Valentine's Day.—Met at Druce; had a bad morning, with a ringing fox about the hedgerows, and Waterson, and killed. On the way back we drew Tolpuddle Common; very little furze there at that time; found, and went away over Tolpuddle farms (Mr. James Brine had both farms) to Admiston, over the meadows to Basing Hill, right through the wood, on to the Warren, over the Piddletown and Cheselborne

road, across the big Druce down, on over the Chibberd farm in the direction of Dole's-hill, turned to the right, went straight ahead over Mr. Chas. Davis's farm, on into the Manor Farm (Mr. James Caines) where we killed in the orchard in front of his house. I enjoyed this run very much.

February 28th, 1845.—Met at Shortwood ; a large field out ; found, and went away to Humber, and over the brook to Pulham, and on by the " Green Man " Inn to Hazelbury Common and Deadmoor, then bore to the right for Fifehead Neville and Locketts ; leaving Hazelbury Bryan on the right, he tried to get over the hill at Woolland, but strength failing (for the pace had been very fast) he struggled on to Stoke Common, where he lay down, and the hounds soon polished him off. At that time a Mr. Vansittart was staying at Cattistock, and had only one horse for all his hunting needs. He was very fond of the sport,and rode this horse sometimes three days in a week,but this run settled his fate, for he dropped down dead just as we killed the fox. Mr. Vansittart could not well afford to buy another hunter, so Mr. Farquharson headed a subscription list, and the money was soon forthcoming to purchase another, as a good sum was collected then and there at once.

A very fast 40 minutes with Mr. Farquharson.

March 9th, 1845.—Met at Spetisbury Down ; a very wet day, and a very long draw. Colwood, Whatcombe covers, Milton Park, Bully Wood, Park Coppice,Oakhills, Houghton Wood, Fieldgroves, Bryanston Gallop to the river Stour—*all blank*. The hounds were going home, when a labouring man who happened to be on the spot said if they went over the other side of the river to Mr. Raxworthy's (France Farm) they would find a brace of

foxes in France Oaks. It was true they were there, and one broke away at once, and ran nearly to Gunville ; then turned the right, leaving Pimperne to the left, to Lord Portman's deer park, round the town of Blandford, the horses going through the town by the Crown Hotel. The hounds caught sight of the fox before reaching the Stour, and swam the river close by the bridge, the fox landing on the opposite side when the leading hounds were half-way across, and rolled him over by Lord Portman's lodge, in 40 minutes. No check from find to finish ; and only well-bred horses could live the pace. Sporting men were rejoiced to hear a good "holloa" from Mr. Hector's brewery, who was kind enough to give us a hearty welcome ; all leaving him as happy as crickets, for home, the inner man being well warmed although our boots were full of rain-water, and our shirts wet through.

The Great Hilton Down Run.

April 26th, 1846.—Met at Bulbarrow in a cold sleet and snow, anything but a hunting morning. The old 'Squire was not out. We found a fox at Balmer's Coombe, ran across into Melcombe Park, and went into a drain. We left him there for another day. Colonel Bingham asked us to go back to his old mansion and have some bread-and-cheese, and some of his home-brewed two-year-old beer, which put us in good pluck for what was to follow. About two o'clock we went up into some short furze above the house towards Hilton, and up jumped a brace of foxes; the hounds caught the vixen, full of cubs, just going to lay down. Treadwell got off his horse, threw the vixen up on the hedge, and put the hounds on the old dog, which had ten minutes' start. They went through the Coombe, all down over

the Cheselborne downs to Bagber Coppice, which he did not enter; on to Milborne Wood, which was at that time all one cover (the middle part not being rooted), ran the straight ride right through without a turn, crossed the Dorchester turnpike, where Treadwell and myself viewed him going across a fifty-acre field on Milborne farm, in the direction of Tolpuddle. On we went, over the large fields, tried the big earths in Tolpuddle ewe-leaze, which had been stopped a few days before when the hounds met at Milborne Wood; went over the road between Tolpuddle and Burlston, through the water-meadows to Parke's dairy-house, right ahead to the end of Tincleton hanging, leaving Cow Pound on the right, over Little Admiston farm into Ilsington big wood, which he went straight through without a check. All over Ilsington Heath to the top of Yellowham Wood, where he heard some guns (rabbitting going on) and turned short to the left, raced down over Bhompstone and Duddle Heath to Norris Mill, down the water-meadows the north side of the river Frome to Lewell Mill on to Stafford, crossed over the river into Mr. Floyer's shrubbery; over Stafford ewe-leaze, where the navvies were making the South-Western Railway from Southampton to Dorchester, but they did not see our fox; on to Came, where nearly every horse came to a trot; turned to the right across Fordington field, leaving the Weymouth road on the left to where the South-Western station now is, down into the water-meadows again to Stanton's factory, on to Goud's Mill, still on up the meadows near Stafford, when Treadwell saw an old hound hit the scent into a narrow hedge-row, with a brook on the other side; the rest of the hounds were outside. Treadwell cheered on the hounds as Druid gave his deep note till we got to the end of the hedge-

row, where the fox and this single hound went into the brook together. Treadwell jumped off his horse, went into the water up to his neck, took the fox away from the single hound, and the pack ate him up as stiff as a stake. All the horses were tired, and I said to Treadwell —"We will get back to Mr. Jesty's, at Druce, and leave your horse, Penny's, and the other whips, for the night." Mr. Jesty mounted them on three cobs, after a good "liquor-up," which was much needed. When we were on the top of Basing-hill, we stopped and could see the extent of country we went over from beginning to end, and we all (Burgess's, House's, Fookes's) pronounced the run twenty-five miles, and we were never off his line, or changed. We got back to my house at Milborne, where more refreshments were served round, and the hounds reached Eastbury at 10 o'clock that night. Wet as Treadwell was, he never changed his clothes, nor took cold. Mr. James Farquharson, who is now living* and myself are the only two left who saw this extraordinary run; he was living at that time at Castle Hill House, and was riding that day an iron grey horse which had the string-halt, but was a wonderful good hunter.

* 1895.

Dec. 4th, 1846.—Met at Coker's Frome, found in Pigeon-house Coppice; going away over Waterson ridge and Piddlehinton downs, to Kingrove, and Black-hill, and killed in 35 minutes without a check, in a dense fog. Mr. Farquharson had missed Treadwell, and wondering where he was, sent the whip to look for him, and he brought the sad news back that Admiral Paine, of Weymouth had dropped dead off his horse in front of him. The hounds were ordered home.

January 9th, 1847.—The day after a County Ball at Dorchester ; found a fox on Mr. James Harding's farm Higher Waterson, in a hedge-row ; ran on to Kingrove, and over the Cerne road to Holcombe and Hawcombe, then turning to the right, and killed in Alton parish. One hour without a check.

March 3rd, 1847.—Met at Houghton Wood ; after running in that large cover, and changing many times, a fox broke away for Ibberton Park, sinking the hill into the Vale of Blackmoor, and straight on to Deadmoor and Rooksmoor, leaving Stock House on the right to the Caundle Holts, and then in a direct line for Milborne Port, where he went into a drain close to Sir William Medlycott's seat, Ven House. The time about two hours, the distance not less than 16 miles, as the crow flies, and the hounds not requiring any help.

November 5th, 1847.—Guy Fawkes Day.—Met at Down House ; drew all the covers blank, also Whitechurch plantation, Peat Hill, Horse Close, &c. I told Mr. Farquharson an old fox had been laying in Warren Hill all the summer. He told Treadwell to go on and draw at once, as the day was slipping along. No sooner were the hounds in, than Penny viewed him going away for Tolpuddle Common. We were soon upon his line, and there being a good scent, we rattled away for Burleston, over the water meadows at Admiston for Basing Hill, right ahead over Druce Down for Hill's Coppice, bore to the left over Muston meadows to Burn Coppice, ran straight ahead over the flat, leaving Piddlehinton and Piddletrenthide villages on the left, on to Doles Ash, bore to the left, sunk the valley by the Manor House (Mr. Bridge's), through the long plantation and all up

the downs, leaving Alton on the left and Plush on the right, when we saw him struggling on about two fields in front, and Treadwell was in hopes of handling him before reaching the big earths at the west end of that long cover called Armswell, which he reached and went to ground about a hundred yards in front of the hounds. They well deserved their fox, but were disappointed. Being early in the season, the horses did not get over this run for some time. We went back to Mr. James Davis's, at Melcombe, gruelled our horses and ourselves, and the hounds wended their way all back to Eastbury. I rode my chesnut horse, and Fred. House rode 'Dainty.'

December 7th, 1847.—The meet was at Crichel; after running for some time, we lost. The order was given for Horton; soon found, and away without a turn to St. Giles's, and on to the covers at Cranborne, going straight through, and away across the training ground of the Woodyates stables, and to the left of Verne ditch. Up to this time, very fast, one hour and fifteen minutes. Whether a change of foxes took place, I can't say, but a fox, after a ring, broke away across the country in the direction of Queen's Coppice, where, being headed, he turned back to Cranborne woods and St. Giles's, where this fox was lost, opposite Lord Shaftesbury's house, under a yew-tree, which stands alone in the grounds of that noble domain. The fox was seen a few minutes before, and all wondered what had become of the varmint. One of the servants came out, just as the hounds were out of sight, and looked up into the tree, and down came the fox. It was then six o'clock, and the stars shining brightly. If we had killed, it would have been a grand finish, after running a good pace for four hours.

January 9th, 1848.—Met at Melcombe Park ; found, and went away to Monkwood hill, leaving Mappowder on the right, across the vale to Alton Common. leaving Armswell on the left, over Buckland Knoll, crossed the Buckland Newton road, on to Holcombe, crossed the old Cerne turnpike road, on to Lord Digby's at Minterne, turned to the left down the Cerne valley, leaving the Cerne Giant on the left, and killed in Cerne town. A very sharp run. Mr. Crane's father was living there at that time, and we had a good liquor up ; and it was needed, for we were all very much heated at the pace we had gone through. On my way home to Milborne St. Andrew it came on to sleet and snow, and I caught a violent cold, which brought on rheumatic fever, and I was confined to the house for two months, and nearly lost my life. Did not hunt any more *that* season.

January 20th, 1849.—Met at Melcombe Park ; came over the hill, across the valley to Mr. Davis's house, up through the long plantation, all over the open fields, leaving Cheselborne village on the left, to Doles Hill, turned again to the left over Furzey Down, across Chibberd farm and Druce Down, over the Cheselborne road to Dorchester, into Dewlish Warren, through Basing hill and over the Piddletown road. ran through Admiston farm, and killed close to Ilsington House. A very quick run ; never had a check. Hounds went back to Eastbury.

November 7th, 1849.—Met at Nether Cerne ; found in a furze-brake the west side of the farm ; ran up and down the Stratton and Grimston hills and downs, and on to Sydling Clappers, leaving the Up-Cerne woods on the right, crossed over and down High Stoy, as if for the Grange Woods, which he left on the right, and took the

vale for Totnel Corner, and on to Cockeram's plantation, and killed him at Hillfield, not having strength enough to reach the large badger earths in Hanover Hanging Coppice.

The Great Minterne Run.

This run, and the Hilton Down run, were the two best Treadwell ever had.

December 19th, 1849.—Met at Upcerne Wood, where they found immediately, going away directly for Batcombe, where the fox was lost. Found again at Minterne, —a brace,—one of which the hounds killed. Treadwell caught a glimpse of the other fox, which looked like a traveller ; neither was he mistaken. The hounds being clapped on his line, he went away directly through Upcerne for Sydling Wood, turned to the left across the meadows, and up the hill for Cerne Park, but leaving it a little on the left, he dashed away across the Cerne road to Nether Cerne, where the wind being puffed out of him by the pace he had to go by Jem and his rattlers, he lay down in a pit ; here Jem thought to nab him, when he jumped up in full view. By this short respite, having obtained second wind, he showed his agility by out-running his pursuers, and turning back through Upcerne Park, went over the hills to Upcerne Wood. Again not fancying the pace (he had been pressed through it before) he turned away to the right, down the hill, going straight by the Cerne Union-house, across the enclosures by the town, away over the Godmanston and Grimston Downs, and through the Madjeston water-meadows, where divers casualties occurred from heavy work and blown horses, and the majority of the horsemen wishing he would never top the hill ; but this sturdy old customer was not to be handled yet, for over

the hill he went, as fresh as a four-year-old, through Frampton plantations, and crossing the Dorchester turnpike, dashed into the Frampton water-meadows and across the river, setting his head straight over the hill for the plantations and arable fields beyond, where some stuck fast and others were reduced to a trot, then to East Compton. "Ah," said Jem, "we shall have you here my boy," but as if divining Jem's wicked intentions, he suddenly changed his route, and turned up across the Compton ewe-leazes, and the old Roman road, down to Winterborne village. Here, all who remained with the hounds earnestly wished this long-winded varmint might take refuge in some barn or outhouse, and save their horses further exertions; and a little check near the village induced Jem to entertain the belief that his enemy's career was coming to a close, (he was feeling for his pocket-knife to "brush" him) when "Barmaid" hit off the scent again to the right, across the Dorchester and Bridport road, and away went the pack again, thro' Winterborne plantations, straight over the downs for Whatcombe earths, but, disdaining these, our gallant fox held on his course by Kingston Russell House, across the water-meadows, as if for Foxholes Covert, which, however he left to the right and went up the hill by Winterborne long plantations, and bearing to the right again by the keeper's house, made for the laurels in Mr. Williams' pleasure grounds at Bridehead House, where he was killed, after the best run ever known in Dorsetshire. The distance from point to point was about 15 miles, and the ground traversed by the hounds not less than 25 miles; done in two hours and a fraction. There was a cold sleet and snow falling all the time, and a piercing freezing wind.

January 5th, 1850.—Met at Fifehead Neville ; found in Rooksmoor ; came away over Deadmoor Common, left Hazelbury parish on the right ; on over the stiff vale by Lockett's farm, on by Kitford coppice, Whitmore (here I had two bad falls, riding a strange horse), on to Ibberton and Belchalwell, where there were bellows to mend, and most of the field led their horses up that trying hill. Ran all down over Ibberton Down to the bottom of Houghton Wood, turned and went straight up through that big cover, broke on the top, went through Delcombe Head, and nearly on to Ansty Brewery, turned to the left and on over Hilton Down to the plantation by Hilton Church, where our good fox was beat, and lay down. Treadwell still kept casting round, when I saw our hunted fox going over a field just to the left. I told him and he declared it must be a fresh one ; lost his temper, and gave it up very foolishly.

January 13th, 1850.—Met at Shortwood ; found a brace of foxes ; one went away to Armswell, with Penny and a part of the pack, and most of the field ; Treadwell with six couple of hounds went away with the other fox to Humber Wood, crossed the Pulham brook and straight ahead, leaving the "Green Man" on the right and Pulham on the left, to Bishop's Caundle, turned to the right, and ran straight into the Stock woods, went right through, leaving Stock House on the left, crosssd Lydlinch Common, over the brook, nearly to Thornhill, bore to the left, leaving Stalbridge town on the right, and into Stalbridge Park, where we lost him.

January 27th, 1850.—Met at Hayward Bridge ; had a bad morning in the Vale ; came back on to the hills about Escombe ; got on to the line of a fox which had

moved, ran through Bonsley Common to Fieldgroves, and on to and through Broadley Wood, across Fair-mile to the Down House plantations, through Littlewood, turned short to the left over the turnpike road, across the Charlton Down to a small furze brake, about a hundred yards from Little Colwood, where they killed him. A very fast run. Henry Fookes, of Whitechurch, who went very well, was riding a chesnut horse, which he sold to Mr. Percy, of Pimperne, for £120, for a nobleman. A good price in those days.

February 23rd, 1850.—Met at Houghton Wood; found, and away to Turnworth, over the road into Bonsley, straight ahead across the open fields to Broadley, on to Old Warren, over the Stickland road, leaving Down House on the right, crossed the Blandford and Dorchester turnpike, over the Blandford St. Mary fields into the meadows, and killed him the south side of the river Stour, opposite Langton House.

December 11th, 1852.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds had a splendid run this day of one hour and three-quarters from the Somersetshire Holts, doing the work entirely by themselves, and killing their fox just before he reached Clifton Wood, which was in the opinion of a first-rate Dorsetshire fox-hunter, the finest Vale run ever seen in that country.

January 16th, 1853.—Met at Milborne Wood; found and went away with a good scent across the fields to Dewlish Hanging, right through and over the meadows by Dewlish House, on straight ahead through the Park into the Warren, over the Chiselborne road and the Druce downs, to Hill's Coppice, on to Furzey Down and into Doles-hill, where Reynard tried the earths; finding

no entrance, and the hounds close on him, he took over the fields, and ran into the middle of Piddlehinton parish and the door of a cottage being open, in he went. A woman and her family were at dinner; the hounds rushed in, upset the table, and all the lot on it, killed the fox, and two cats. The woman and children were very much frightened, and cried for the loss of their pussys, but Mr. Farquharson put his hand into his pocket and well repaid her for any damage she had sustained. This run was very fast, and done without a check.

February 4th, 1854.—Met at Crichel House; breakfast; found a very good fox in the willow-bed, and went away at a rattling pace for St. Giles's and the Cranborne country, the present Lord Alington, then Henry Gerard Sturt, led the way all the run, on his favorite bay mare; and the fox got to ground in the main earths on Payne's Moor. without a check, a good 10 miles from point to point.

March 2nd, 1854.—Met at Forston; and after having a bad morning round Kingrove and Nether Cerne, found a straight-necked one in Lord Ilchester's brake near Charminster; went away over the downs to Wolverton Clump, over Coker's Frome farm, turned to the left across Waterson Ridge and Higher Waterson farm, to Muston, crossing the Piddlehinton road to Burn Coppice, and up the meadows towards Doles-hill and Druce down, where he was pulled down without a check.

April 21st, 1855.—Met at Milton Park, the end of the season; found, and could not get a fox to go away before five o'clock, when one went away through Lee wood, Chescombe farm, Longthorns, crossed the Dorches-

ter road to Horse Close, over Bere down to Kingston Clump, where we met a man returning home from his day's work. Treadwell asked him if he had seen the fox. "Yes," he said, "about five minutes ago he was lapping some water out of the wheel-rut." On went the hounds to Maddock's Barrow, over the Bere and Wimborne turnpike to the corner of Woodbury Hill, where they ran into him just before reaching the big earths in Bere Wood. The hounds had been at work seven hours. They went back to Eastbury to kill a May fox, and close the season.

January 8th, 1856.—Met at Bulbarrow ; found a fox in Delcombe Head ; ran into Houghton Wood, where we had several foxes on foot, and kept changing for two hours or more. At last, one broke away to Ibberton Park, over Ibberton down, to Turnworth, crossed the Okeford road, and straight ahead to Bonsley, leaving Elcombe and Escombe covers on the left, going over the Durweston farms in a line for Broadley, but turning to the left, ran down over Bryanston gallop, and crossed the Stour between France Farm and Nutford farm, It was now four o'clock, and getting dark, but Treadwell saw the hounds were running for blood, and as we were going over a big down in the direction of Pimperne bushes, Treadwell was on my left, and the hounds carrying a good head, I saw our fox on my right, laying out full length in deep wheel track. I beckoned to Jem, the hounds had over-run the scent, but they threw up their heads, made a cast back, and up jumped "Charlie" into their mouths. This was a long and trying day for hounds, and they well deserved their fox.

February 28th, 1856.—Met at Eggardon Hill ; found

in that favourite spinney, called Nallers ; broke away up the Askerswell valley, on over the steep hill called Stancombe, then over the Litton downs, leaving the Dorchester and Bridport turnpike on the right, to Compton Gore, on the old Roman road about two miles, then turned to the left over Frampton hog-leaze, to Skippet farm, when he began to twist and turn, up under one hedge, across a field, down under another hedge, then down a road for some distance. At last they pulled him down at the corner of Bradford plantation. Treadwell told me he was never so puzzled for the last twenty minutes with any fox running so short in his whole career as huntsman.

Runs with Mr. Radclyffe's Hounds for Roebuck.

March 25th, 1856.—Met at Bagber, to find a black buck which had been laying in Kaile's Down Coppice all the summer, and supposed to have got out of some gentleman's deer-park. We soon found, and went away in view over Hewish farm and Luccombe, down the hill by Milton mill, over the Milborne roads, across the higher part of Long Ash and Long-close farms to the Combe and Bingham's Melcombe, which was passed on our left, over Hilton and Ansty Down, turned to the right into the valley at Higher Hilton, and killed him in the farm-yard. This deer was very fat, and could not stand a long run, and was in sight of the hounds nearly the whole distance.

April 6th, 1856.—Met at Tolpuddle Village, to go and have a drag from Lord's down into Milborne Wood, where a fine old roebuck had taken up quarters for a long time, and Mr. Farquharson was very jealous of any one keeping harriers, or interfering with his

covers in any shape or form. As soon as the hounds entered, Mr. Chas. Davis saw the deer jump up in the corner at the Dewlish side of the wood. He went right away at once through the cover, and on over Cole's farm, to Bagber, bore to the left on to Hewish farm buildings on the hill, left Bagber Coppice on the left to Wood's Down, over the brook, where this old deer had a useful "refresher," and went on as fresh as when just found, over Tuck's farm, and leaving Dewlish parish on the left, and Chibberd on the right, crossed Dewlish Park, where a gentleman shot both barrels at him, without effect, (not knowing any hounds were chasing him), up through the long plantation, over the open, through Milborne Wood again, without a turn, turned short to the left over Mr. Kent's farm, leaving Dewlish parish on the left, crossed the large fields for Cheselborne village, and pulled him down under the clump of firs on Tuck's down.

April 13th, 1856.—Met at Whitechurch plantation ; found an old buck, which went straight away down over Muston and Abbot's Court farms, crossed the Kingston road and Besant's farm, then over the Wimborne and Bere turnpike, the large open fields on Bloxworth farm, leaving BereWood on the right, ran the Bloxworth covers, and killed in Morden Mill-pond at Morden Park Corner.

April 22nd, 1856.—Met at Lytchett High Wood, for a one-horn buck, which had got out of Charboro' Park. Found, and broke away across the Park for the high wall near the Lion Lodge, which he tried to jump, but fell backwards ; tried again, and got over. Went on across the open fields, through Westley Wood, turned to the left for Almer Woods, over the Spetisbury and Starve-all

farms to Colwood, bore to the right and ran over the downs and crossed the Blandford and Dorchester turnpike and Thornicombe farm into the top part of the Down House plantation ; then turned to the left over Clenston and Quarlestone farms into Stickland parish, where he ran into an out-house, and some men soon cut his throat and hung him up, and were skinning him when the hounds (which were a long way behind, and had a long check) came on the scene. There was a rumpus between Mr. Radclyffe and the men, but the deer was given up, and a little silver given them to have a drink, soon put matters on a friendly footing.

Wonderful Run with an old Roe-buck.

April 3rd, 1857.—This run was from Lytchett High Wood, of 4 hours 10 minutes, and the distance run was about 25 miles. This deer broke away for Lytchett Manor House, through the covers, and over the Bailey Gate and Poole road, went straight ahead, taking all the Henbury plantations in his line, turned to the right over that enormous extent of wild heath nearly to Poole Junction, bore to the left for Hamworthy, where he turned short back and all through the Henbury covers again ; he then crossed the Blandford and Wimborne turnpike, took the meadows, and over the river Stour near White Mill, and the refresher was much needed, for this strong animal went straight for Badbury Rings, as fresh as ever, took a turn round the old Roman encampment, came back over the downs, crossed the old Blandford turnpike, and the fine open country to Kingston Lacy House ; got into the meadows again, where he hid for some time in a large spear bed, jumped up in full view, went over the river again, which gave

him fresh life once more, ran the south side of this wide river here (much swollen with heavy rains) for two miles, and took refuge under Julian's Bridge, close to the town of Wimborne, where he stood under the arch-way, close to the bank, with his fine head and antlers just out of the water. He was soon got out and killed. We were all wet through, and the horses thoroughly done up, for it had been raining all the time from find to finish. Mr. Chas. Parke asked us all back to Henbury House, to eat and drink whatever there was,—horses first. We went into the large dining-room, and Mr. Parke said: "Have a good glass of this old rum; it will warm you up; I believe it has been in this house nearly one hundred years." We drank, and it *did* warm us up, and we did full justice to the welcome edibles provided, for some of us had 14 miles and more to reach home. I doubt very much if Mr. Jas. Harding or Mr. Yeatman, with their long runs after roe-deer, ever came up to this one.

Runs with Mr. Radclyffe's Foxhounds.

December 5th, 1858.—Mr. Radclyffe was asked to meet at Bradford plantations, as no one was hunting the Cattistock country, till Lord Poltimore took it the following year. Found there, and ran over Martinstown, on to Hardy's Monument, bore to the right over Steepleton cow-leaze, Abbotsbury and Dorchester main road, sunk the hill to Bridehead farm-house, up the hill opposite, and took the big ewe-leazes, leaving the old trackway to Portesham and Gorwell on the left, to Foxholes, straight down the water-meadows to Lower Kingston Russell, on to Longbredy, which was a few fields on our right, on ahead over the stiff fences, and Litton Cheney road,

to a cover called Nine-acres, went on through the Ashley Woods to Hook, and Puncknowle Wood, where we were obliged to stop,—darkness coming on. This fox was caught the day before in a rabbit net in Ashley Woods, carried by a gentleman from Bradford who was shooting there, in a bag, in his carriage, to Bradford, and was turned out when the hounds met there next morning, and knew his way back to his native haunts. We went back to the "King's Arms," Dorchester, and rested ourselves and our horses. The hounds reached the Hyde kennels very late; and I got to Milborne St. Andrew about nine o'clock.

December 13th, 1858.—The week after the above meet, Mr. Radclyffe went to Buckland Wood; foxes were scarce, owing to Mr. Farquharson giving up, and after drawing for three hours, we at last found in a furze-brake at Shilvinghampton; went away to Wyke Wood, turned short to the left over the Rodden brook, where in years gone by so many have come to grief, on close to the back sea to Fleet house, turned short to the left again for Langton Herring, through Buckland Wood, Dairyhouse Coppice, over the Vale and Friar Waddon ewe-leazes, and killed on the side of Corton Hill. A very short running and twisting fox from find to finish.

January 8th, 1859.—Met at Piddle-wood, Bere Regis; found an old stager in Spring Gardens; broke away over the Bryantspuddle fields, turned to the right, and crossed Rogers Hill meadows and farm, Roke down, over the Milborne and Bere road, to Hayward's farm, right ahead to Bere Down, into Whitechurch farm and Horse-close Coppice, where we had the first check of

five minutes ; hit it off again on Kingston farm, over the hill at the clump of firs, Muddock's Barrow, straight on to Bere Wood, which he went through without a turn, also the Bloxworth covers to the "Cock and Bottle" at Morden (a very favorite meet of Mr. Drax's hounds), turned to the left, and killed in Morden bog, near Mr. Young's farm-house. A very large field was out, and every one delighted. Lord Poltimore was there, and rode his chesnut horse—"The Cardinal"—which is in the picture presented to him by the Cattistock Hunt. The next day after this brilliant run, his lordship's first meet took place at Sydling.

January 15th, 1859.—Lord Portman got together another pack of hounds, and the first time I met them was on this day at Houghton Wood, where we had several foxes on foot, and kept changing for some time. At last one broke away over the down and through Ibberton Wood, and Ibberton Down, on to Turnworth, and crossed the road leading to Okeford, and on over the flat into Bonsley, then turning to the left, he run on through Escombe and Elcombe, and the ups and downs, and small covers on the hills, down into Durweston parish, where the hounds killed him in a pig-stye at Mr. Godwin's brewery. The scent was breast high, and the present Viscount Portman said to me—"What do you think of the scratch pack now, Symonds ?" The late Viscount Portman asked us all back to Bryanston House to luncheon, and he treated us first-rate. John Dinnicombe was the huntsman then.

February 1st, 1859.—Met at Bloxworth Green, and found a stump-tail fox in Morden Park ; broke away by

Morden Mill, through the Bloxworth covers to the corner of Bere Wood, and crossed the road to Pickard's Look-out, where he tried the earths, but found them stopped, bore to the right over the Bere and Wareham road, to the long bog, which the fox crossed about the middle part, and on through the plantation to Hyde House, which was left on the right, kept going down the meadows to Binegar Mill. where he crossed the river close to Worget withy-bed, over the heath to Holme bridge, crossed the road and on to the river Frome, which he did not cross, but kept on down to Worget House, turned to the left over the road by the old entrenchments, and killed him under the walls on the borders of Wareham town.

February 7th, 1859.—Lord Portman's hounds met at Broadley Wood ; found in Fieldgrove, and went away through Bonsley, and knocked about a good deal from Elcombe into Escombe ; at last we got down under the hill, and over the Shillingstone and Blandford turnpike, across the meadows, and over the river Stour opposite Hanford House, up over Hod Hill, on by Steepleton to Child Okeford, where he was pulled down close to the parish. The Fookes's, Burgess's, House's, and myself were again asked back to Bryanston to lunch.

February 18th, 1859.—Met at Houghton ; found in Park Coppice ; broke away over the wall and the Delcombe valley, and ascended the hill, then down to Hilton through the long plantation for some distance, and then turned to the right, and over the Ansty road, to Bingham's Melcombe, and straight ahead to Henning Hill, where he turned short to the left, and ran the open

country for nearly three miles (leaving Cheselborne on the right and Dewlish on the left) to Chibberd farm, down the meadows, and across the Puddletown road into Dewlish Park, and pulled him down at Shale's farm, near Dewlish House. A very quick run.

March 6th, 1859.—Met at Mr. Drax's Decoy, where some few years ago Mr. Drax found on four successive Tuesdays. We found at about the middle of the bog, and went away over the great extent of heath in the direction of Kisworth, turned to the left to Holton withy bed, on to Organford, crossed the road, and through the covers to Post Green, turned to the right on to Upton, (where Sir Roger Tichborne was supposed to have first seen the daylight), on again over the open space, crossed the railway between Poole Junction and where Hamworthy Junction now stands, through the big plantations to Creekmoor foundry, where we killed this wild fox. Mr. Radclyffe was riding his chesnut mare, and in jumping a brook when the hounds had hold of Reynard got nearly smothered, and was in a pretty plight; but "all's well that ends well." It was a wild country to get over. My son Henry rode a grey pony I bought at Britford fair out of a Forest drove, for five pounds, and rode it three seasons, and then sold the pony to Lord Eldon for fifty guineas; and it carried the huntsman of his harriers for several seasons.

March 17th, 1859.—Met at Yellowham Wood; could not do much, so went back to the Druce west-end hedgerows, and found a fox in a pit at Muston ewe-leaze; went away very quick to the big rabbit warren, on over the downs to Hill's Coppice, over Chibberd farm, turned to the right across the Cheselborne road, to Tuck's clump of firs; the earths were stopped here, so he then went

GEORGE KENNETT.

straight on and over the river course at Dewlish Mill, up a drove way into Wood's Down, in the middle of which we lost him in an extraordinary manner, in an old track way where there were some very deep wheel-ruts, and, after casting all round, gave it up. This was nearly a racing pace, and it was supposed the fox turned very short, and the hounds over-ran the scent some considerable distance.

A Clipping Day with Mr. Radclyffe.

March 16th, 1863.—Met at Whitechurch; when drawing Horse-close Coppice, a fox was found in a pit on Kingston farm, which proved to be an extraordinary one, as the following run will show. He went straight over Bere Down to Hayward's, across Milborne Down, leaving the fox-pound on the right, to Milborne Rings, over the meadows and on to Warren Hill, where the present Lord Portman and myself viewed him two fields ahead. The scent was breast high. He went over the big corn-fields on Mr. Homer's farm, over Tolpuddle ewe-leaze, sunk the Burlston Hill, and on across the water-meadows, where several had a cold bath at the brook (Colonel Napier Sturt and Captain Quick amongst the number). Here the pace began to tell, but when we reached the top of Basing Hill there was a long check at the cross-roads, which eased the horses and gave Reynard a good mile or two in front of us. Kennett cast down the hollow track way, and the hounds hit it over the Dewlish road on to Paull's farm, which we went over into the Druce hedge-rows, keeping straight on over Druce ewe-leaze and over the Muston meadows and to Burn Coppice, ran on that bad scenting plough land for two miles, to Doles Ash, which we left a little on our right, crossed the road leading from Plush to

Piddletrenthide, up over the hill in the direction of Alton, which was passed on the left, and Plush on our right, on over the flat, leaving Whatcombe Wood a little on the right, through the centre of Armswell big cover into the vale below, to Alton Common, where a dairy-house and large yard stands. There Mr. Radclyffe, George Kennett, and myself saw our fox, which was dead beat, go round the corner of a hay-rick, close to the yard gates, but after that we could not make him out; tried all the cow-stalls, pig-styes. and out-houses. We knew the fox was not gone on, so Mr. Radclyffe ordered the hounds on home. There were very few left to see the end of this grand run, which was the best of all Kennett's runs with fox-hounds. When we got to the "Fox" Inn, Plush, on our way to Mr. Michael Miller's to have some much needed refreshment for ourselves and horses, the dairyman sent a man on horseback to say he had found our fox in a closet, and had him in a bag. Mr. Miller had him brought on to Plush, and let loose for the night in safe keeping, and Mr. Radclyffe wished me to send and have him brought back and turned out in Milborne furze-brake for another day's sport. Before doing so, I cut off the tips of both ears, and made a slit in each about an inch long, to know him again if we ever killed him, which we did three years after, from Admiston willow-bed, with a good scent in the afternoon for 40 minutes, over Tolpuddle, Rogers' Hill, Roke, back across Milborne to Warren Hill, and pulled him down at Lord's down, opposite the old Dewlish turnpike gate. So ended the fate of "Charley;" he was called a certain name, which I must leave the readers of this run to guess.

January 15th, 1864.—Hounds met at Druce House ; drew the hedge-rows and Hill's Coppice blank ; found in a noted pit in a large corn-field called Wiltshire Walls, went away with a good scent over Furzey Dywn,straight through Doles Hill plantation, Doles Ash hogleazes and the big ewe-leazes to Liscombe Hill, leaving Plush on our left, went down that steep hill called Nettlecombe Tout, on through Spring's Coppice to Monkwood Hill, leaving Melcombe Park on our right, over the brook, and killed at the cross roads close to Mappowder House, where the James family lived so many years,—the great breeders of Hereford cattle, and winners of lots of prizes. Lord Poltimore was out, and very much enjoyed the day's sport.

January 27th, 1864.—Met at Hyde; drew Stoke Common blank ; went into Heffleton plantation, where the hounds found a fox and went away by themselves at a racing pace over the heath and Bovington bog into Moreton long plantation, went through and crossed the Dorchester and Wareham road at Moreton north lodge, wherewe caught view of the hounds going out of Oaker's Wood over the heath to Marl Pits,which he went straight through ; leaving Sayer's Wood on the right, they raced him across Pallington heath, went on all through that cover called Tincleton Hangings, and was pulled down, without a check, at the end by Little Admiston ; and when we got there the hounds had eat their fox, and one of the old hounds was walking about with the head in his mouth. The hounds had it all to themselves, and a most difficult heath and bog country it was, with blind wheel ruts covered with long heath to ride over. Many an awful fall have I witnessed, horse and rider heels over head when horses put there fore legs into the track.

February 8th, 1864.—Met at Worgrett willow-bed, and drew it blank ; trotting on to Heffleton, we soon found in that wilderness, and away for Hyde bog, turned to the left on to Gallows-hill, over the Bere and Wool road, and Chamberlayne's heath, to Harry Little's clump, and finding the big earths there all stopped, turned short to the right and over the long bog to Cicely's bridge, ran down the south side of the river to Throop and Bryants-piddle, where he crossed the Piddle, and put his head straight for Piddleswood, which he did not reach, for he was pulled down in the open fields at Affpuddle. Jem Treadwell was out, and cheered on the hounds when he could get near them, as he knew before the run of foxes in that direction.

March 1st, 1864.—Met at Kingrove ; had a bad morning about the hills ; came back to Plush in the afternoon, and found in Whatcombe ; crossed over and through Armswell, took the vale to Spring's Ccppice, on to Monkwood hill, leaving Melcombe Park on the right, (scent breast high), over the stiff enclosures and brook to Stoke Common. Up to this time Mr. and Mrs. Hambro, Mr. Monty Guest, Mr. Gundry, and Miss Manley, from Dorchester (whose father kept the King's Arms), had the sport nearly all to themselves, getting a good start from Armswell. This stout fox went up over Bulbarrow and straight ahead, leaving Delcombe head on the right and Woolland rabbit warren on the left. We were then expecting to run into him in a few minutes, as the hounds were racing for blood, but all of a sudden we had a check by the side of the hill near Baker's Folly, and could not recover his line, after casting for Ibberton Park, Houghton Stubbs, &c. Mr. Gundry lost his hat at the start, would not stop to dismount, and rode the run bare-headed. Mrs. Hambro rode " High Chaldon."

March 7th, 1864.—Met at Milborne Wood ; had an old dog fox sent over by Mr. Michael Miller, of Plush, the day before, which was dug out at Armswell, and I let it out in an old fuel-house, in case we did not find. Drew the wood, Tolpuddle ewe-leaze, the Common, and Warren-hill all blank. Treadwell was out, and I asked him to go back and bring on this fox in a bag, and let him out in a piece of high rape on Roger's-hill farm, which he did, and got out of sight, till I and Kennett, the huntsman, came on with the hounds. We got on his line into Milborne Rings, where he was dodging about, but soon had to take his departure across the fields to Roke Down, when turning short to the right to Roke brakes, he went over the water-meadows and brook into Piddleswood, Spring Gardens, Throop farm and water-meadows, where Mr. Walden—riding a chesnut mare—cleared 33 feet, out of a halter-path, over a hedge and brook, into a meadow. Several of the field, after the run was over, came back and measured it. Mr. Gerard Sturt (now Lord Alington) tried to get over the boggy meadows, but failed, and had to retrace into a road at Bryantspuddle. The hounds went on with a burning scent over the heath, and crossed the long bog by Moreton North Lodge, turned a little to the left, and the hounds ran into him on Bovington heath, by Clouds Hill, on the road to Gallows Hill and Wareham. The field had no idea but this was a genuine fox.

March 19th, 1864.—About a fortnight after the above run, I had another old customer sent me that had been dug out, and the hounds met at Roke Down. They drew Milborne fox-pound blank, and this fox of mine was let out of a bag in Milborne Rings, just as the hounds were beginning to draw the cover. Charlie soon took the hint

and was off like a shot, over Milborne farm, Stanfield's fields, crossed the Blandford and Dorchester turnpike, over Deverell and Bagber farms to Hewish, and Luccombe cottages, where turned to the right, on through the lower part of Milton Park, leaving Whatcombe House on the right, and over Whatcombe farm, when we viewed him going over the fields for Whitechurch Plantation, which he had just strength enough to get through, and struggled on into Muston Down, where the hounds pulled him down, without a single check. The field was not aware this was a bag-man. These old foxes generally run well, if they are not kept more than a few hours after being dug out, and then let loose in a strange part of the country.

Run with the Blackmore Vale; Press was huntsman.

March 27th, 1864.—These hounds met at the 'Green Man,' Pulham; the first draw was Humber Wood, where they found a good straight hill fox, which took us across a few fields and stiff doubles into Short Wood, which he passed through, and over the road leading from Castle Hill to Mappowder, and put his head over that bit of stiff country to Alton Common, and through Armswell, when he turned to the left by the "Fox" Inn, Plush, and made his way across the Plush valley, and ascended the steep hill to Liscombe firs, turned short to the right, and ran the open to Doles Ash; bore to the left, and over that open country to the lower end of Chiselborne parish, where he went over the road, leaving Chibberd farm on the right, to Tuck's Down, turned to the right over the Dewlish road, ran the enclosures at the back of the parish, and into Sir John Michel's park at Shale's farm, hunted him as far as the large gardens and stables. Press made casts all round for more than half-an-hour,

and gave it up, and went on home. Next morning, when the groom and helpers opened the stable door, they saw the fox lying under the manger, and the door open was the signal for a bolt out into the open, which was quickly done. Press rode the little iron grey, fifteen hands high, one of the cleverest nags that ever crossed the Vale. Mr. Wingfield Digby gave fifteen pounds for him out of a butcher's cart at Malvern Wells, where he used to stay most summers.

April 5th, 1864.—Mr. Radclyffe's hounds met at Yellowham wood, found, and went away to Gray's wood, on over Waterson Ridge to Wolverton Clump, Burton farm, and Lord Ilchester's brake, turned to the right across Muston and the Piddlehinton road to Dorchester, on to Encombe, through King-grove, bore to the left, and over the old Cerne turnpike to Well Bottom, turned a little to the right up the Cerne meadows, and pulled him down on the side of Black-hill, by Cerne town. The hounds had it all to themselves, and the scent was breast high.

April 19th, 1864.—Met at Druce House ; had a bad morning about the hedge-rows and Bush Coppice ; came back in the afternoon and drew the Admiston willow-bed, blank, also Mr. Crane's, but in the spinney by Mr. Homer's house at Tolpuddle, we found a rare traveller. Got away close to him over Tolpuddle farm, through Warren-hill, on to Milborne ewe-leaze and Milborne Wood, which he went through without a turn, broke across Crawthorn farm, and the Dewlish water-meadows and cow-leazes to Basing-hill, turned to the left down over Admiston farm, and over the brook and meadows by Mr. Brymer's house, crossed the Dorchester turnpike by Admiston chapel, and through Mr. Homer's coppice

into Cow-pound, where he saved his brush by getting into the main earth there, just before the hounds. There was no check to this fast run.

November 12th, 1865.—Hounds met at Short Wood ; a large field out ; found, and went away with a good scent to Humber Wood, and over the Pulham brook, where my son Henry, riding my horse called " Oxford," (which was bought for me by Mr. Charles Radclyffe, from Simmonds, of Oxford) cleared the brook in first-rate style. Our fox took us over Canning's Court farm, and the road leading to the " Green Man," Pulham, on to Ponting's Gorse, straight ahead over the stiff fences to Holwell plantation, bore away to the right to Buckshaw House, where that noted sportsman and rider—Mr. Littlehales—lived so many years, and knew nearly every fence in the Blackmoor Vale ; went through Buckshaw brake, and on over the Caundle Marsh brook, to near Folke, turned to the left and on to that famous cover called Butterwick, where, in a field close by, this fox went into a long drain, and no chance of bolting him. Mr. Radclyffe ordered the hounds back to Hyde, being a long way from the kennels. In old Ben Jennings' time, there were two foxes which the hounds could never kill,—one was called *Butterwick Jack*, and the other *Chetterwood Jack*, and old Billy Butler used to say he hoped they both died a natural death from old age. After this meet, Mr. Wingfield-Digby having bought the Mappowder property, Short Wood and Humber Wood was handed over to the Blackmoor Vale Hunt, and this was a great loss to the South Dorset, and no doubt it has been ever since.

November 26th, 1865.—Met at Bingham's Melcombe; had a lot of knocking about at Henning Hill and round

Cheselborne, with young foxes; came back in the afternoon, and found an old stager in a high piece of rape on George Groves's farm, near Bagber Coppice; went away to Groves's barn, bore to the left towards Bagber, and crossed the Milborne and Milton Abbas road near Deverell, over Deverell farm, on to Longthorns, over the Blandford turnpike, and Whitechurch farm, into Horse-close, straight through, and over Kingston Down, and the fir-clump on the top, to Muddock's Barrow, crossed the Bere and Wimborne road, and just touched the south corner of Bere Wood, and saved his brush by going into the big earth under Woodbury Hill. This was a very quick thing; the scent was nearly breast high, and there was no check throughout.

November 3rd, 1865.—Met at Warmwell Sheep-wash; found in Galton long bog, broke away over Galton Common to Fossil farm, and crossed the Winfrith and Dorchester turnpike, and the big arable fields to High Chaldon earths (which were closed), then over the open country, up and down those trying hills to Holworth, and on the tops of the cliffs for about two miles. when he turned to the right down over Upton farm, and into the plantations by Poxwell House, all over the ewe-leazes and into Watercombe farm, and Owermoigne farm, crossed the road again by Fossil, and killed in a small willow-bed close to Winfrith parish. This was a most severe and trying run for horses and hounds; and a grand whoo-whoop!

December 10th, 1865.—Hounds met at Piddlehinton Cross; had a ringing fox all the fore part of the day round Piddletrenthide and Giant's Head, and killed. Drawing on homewards in the afternoon, a fox jumped out of a pit on Lovelace's farm, Piddlehinton, went away

away close to his brush into Doles-hill, and over Druce down, and into Chibberd farm, straight ahead and into Dewlish Warren and Basing Hill, where he turned short to the right over Paull's farm and Druce farm, on by the hedge-rows on Muston ewe-lease, leaving Burn Coppice on the right, and went to ground in a deep rabbit earth close to Muston farm-house.

January 10th, 1866.—Mr. Hambro and myself went to the "Green Man," Pulham, to see Turner, the new huntsman of the Blackmoor Vale pack, for the first time. He came from Lord Portsmouth's, and was a tall, heavy man, but a good horseman. Found in Rooksmoor, went over the brook, and over Deadmoor Common, straight as an arrow for Bagber, bore a little to the left, the fences big and the enclosures small, the hounds some way in front till we got to King's Mill, where there was a long check, which let a great part of the field up. The hounds got on the line again in a narrow lane, from whence we got into a more open part, on to Marnhull and Manston, which passed a little on our left, and Fontmell Parva on our right, still pressing ahead till we reached the outskirts of the town of Gillingham, where the scent changed or we got on a fresh fox, and the hounds were stopped, as it was getting late. So Mr. Hambro and myself turned for home, got back to Sturminster Newton, and rested our horses and ourselves for an hour. Had a dark ride over Sturminster Common, and over Belchalwell Hill, to Milton Abbey, which we reached about 8 o'clock. I had a liquor-up, and a first-rate cigar, and smoked it on my way to Milborne, with a tired horse.

March 6th, 1866.—Mr. Radclyffe's "beauties" met at Came House; found in a furze-brake close by, and went

away up over Came farm, and through Gulliver Tree plantation, on to Sutton quarries, turned to the right over the Walls and Bincombe farm, and Ridgway tunnel, and the Dorchester road, crossed the Upwey quarries and the Martinstown road, straight ahead over Monkton and Ashton farms, turned short to the left into Friar Wadden farm, and running along the big ewe-leazes facing the Buckland vale, just saved his brush by going into the main earths in the side of the hill on Friar Waddon.

March 21st, 1866.—Met at Warmwell Sheep-wash; drew several covers blank; found in that favourite place called Knighton willow-bed, where foxes like to lay on the top of the hassocks; went away over the heath and Knighton plantation, straight through, and crossed the open fields, and then on to the boggy water-meadows, and into the Friarmayne woods, straight ahead over the Broadmayne and Dorchester road, in the direction of Came, but being hard pressed, and the wind in his teeth, bore away to the left, and crossed the West Knighton and Witcombe farms to Gulliver Tree, sunk the hill, and ran the whole length of Sutton farm, and went to ground in the big earths under King George, where I have seen many a good fox save his brush, and where many a litter of cubs have been bred.

Mr. Radclyffe's Hounds.—Henry Beviss, Huntsman.

October 22nd, 1873.—Met at Henning Hill, Melcombe; found in the Allermoor, by Hartfoot-lane; ran on to Verne Wood, had a ring in that cover, broke away the lower side, and through Breech Wood, to Ansty, Rawlsbury, and Lamplings, down to the brook at Mappowder, turned to the right by Hazelbury on to Locketts,

leaving the Common on the left, on to Woolland Wood, had a turn there and pulled him down in the middle of the wood in 1 hour and 40 minutes. Hounds did not cover less than 12 miles. The fences were very blind.

December 6th, 1873.—Met at Castle Hill ; went to Beaulieu Wood, by wish of Captain Glyn ; fox found close by, and ran to Shortwood to earth. Went back to Beaulieu Wood ; found, and ran straight to Rabbit's cover, Glanville's Wootton, over Dungeon to Wootton Wood, and killed. A fast 35 minutes. Found fox No. 3 in Woodfalls ; ran by Middlemarsh to the Grange woods, recrossed the road below Lion's gate to Clinger farm-house, turned over the hill, leaving Mount Silver on the right, down the hill to Little Minterne, to Cauk Hill, crossed the Cerne valley, leaving Up-Cerne Wood, on to Vernicombe and Red-post, Sydling, crossing the valley, and over Rowhills, through White's Wood, and over Batcombe Hill, and earthed him in the main earths by Batcombe Church. This was over 10 miles in 1 hour and 18 minutes, leaving the hounds 19 miles from home as the crow flies.

December 18th, 1873.—Met at Melcombe ; trotted on and found in Breech Wood ; broke away on to Cock-woods, turned back towards Melcombe Park, but did not enter, went over the hill and through Balls to Liscombe, turned to the left through Summer-house Copse at Melcombe, over Cheselborne farms, on to Druce farm, by Mr. Hull's house, crossed the water-meadows, and on to Troytown ; over the hill, and heath, into the Ilsington Wood, right through, and over the enclosures, where he was viewed, and went to ground in the main earth at Mr. Crane's cover, called Cow-pound, where he was left for another day. This was a fine run, and very fast ; the

CHAS. J. RADCLYFFE, ESQ., M.F.H.

hounds covering a distance of 13 miles, in 1 hour and 15 minutes.

December 24th, 1873.—Met at Armswell ; and found in Dairy-house Coppice ; ran on to Buckland Knowle to earth in a rabbit spout ; left Levi to dig out ; found a second in Alton Bottom Copse, on over the hill, and through Alton Ivors, to Henley, turned to the right over Buckland Knowle, back to Henley, over the hill, and across Mr. Hawkins's farm, and bore to the right to Mr. Cull's farm at Buckland, and then on to Giant's Head, through Sherry's Tout Gorse, on to the Clinger covers, and then over the hill, and through Mount Silver, down the hill, and crossing the road at Lion's Gate, through High Stoy, to Seat Copse, and Hillfield, on to Ropen Copse, to earth. Levi, the whip, came up with the first fox, and hounds ate him. Had 18 miles home, and a good day's sport. The last run was fine hunting, of one hour and eight minutes.

November 26th, 1873.—Met at Horse Close ; drew all Mr. Henry Fookes's farm, the Reformatory gorse, and Bagber Copse, blank ; then on to Milborne, found, and had a sharp 20 minutes round Dewlish and Druce, turned back to lower side of Milborne Wood, straight through the cover to far end, where he was tallied by Mr. Wm. Fookes ; away skirting Bagber Copse, and over the farms to the wall at Milton Abbas, through the plantation, and across the park, to the north wall, and then on to Delcombe Head, where he was pulled down, after as fast a 55 minutes as there is on record.

March 26th, 1874.—Met at Melcombe ; found in Breech Wood ; ran a ring of 20 minutes to Verne Wood,

and killed a brace. Found the third fox in Melcombe Park ; had a turn or two in cover, and broke away through Cock-road to Mappowder, and on to Short-wood (the pace good), and on to Humber Wood ; had a turn there, and back to Short-wood, did not dwell, but went on to Beaulieu, and on as if for Castle Hill, got headed at Duntish Common by some school-boys, turned to the right to Canning's Court and Humber Wood, up the Vale to the Mappowder brook, turned to the left and crossed the brook above Stoke Mills, and then over the hill, where he was viewed, and got to ground in Stoke Wood in a main earth there. This was a fine run of 1 hour and 35 minutes, and over 13 miles.

***

During the season 1873-4 Mr. Radclyffe's hounds hunted 57 days (including 2 blank days and 1 foggy day) killed 46 foxes, which with 19 foxes cubbing, made a total of 65 foxes killed during the season ; ran 23 to ground, which Mr. Radclyffe would not dig, but left them for another day. A very good season, and some clinking sport.

***

Mr. Radclyffe's Hounds—Levi Sheppard, Huntsman.

December 14th, 1883.—Met at Sayer's Wood ; drew several covers blank ; found on Tolpuddle Ball, ran over the meadows, and on to Bere Down, turned to the right, and crossed the Roke meadows below Rogers Hill, thro' Piddleswood, and on to the furze brakes at Black Hill ; had a long check ; hit it off again into Spring Gardens, and then turning to the left over the boggy meadows and the river Piddle, at Bryantspiddle, on to the heath, bearing to the right and crossing Affpiddle heath, and through Sayer's Wood, leaving Marl-pits and Pallington heath on the left, and Tincleton Hanging as well ; over

Southover Heath, on to Fir Mount and Cow Pound, and Admiston covers, to the small cover called Chapel Copse near Ilsington House, where he was pulled down after a good hunting run of 2 hours and 10 minutes.

January 8th, 1884.—Met at Milborne Village ; drew Milborne Wood, Basing Hill, and Admiston willow-bed all blank ; found by Tolpuddle ewe-leaze, ran across the open on to Warren Hill, and crossed the meadows to Castle Rings, over Milborne farm to the Fox-pound, where he turned to the left over Stanfield's farm, and the turnpike road to Blandford, straight ahead across Deverel, Bagber, and Luccombe farms, and was pulled down in the open, just before reaching Milton Park big wood. A very fast run of 45 minutes, without a check. Captain Henry Mansel-Pleydell was out, and well up, mounted on his favourite chesnut.

January 16th, 1884.—Met at Doles-hill, and being a fine day, a good muster turned out ; found a fox, and after ringing about a short time, was killed. Drew the hedge-rows on Mr. Hull's farm at Druce (belonging to that staunch sportsman—Mr. W. E. Brymer, M.P.) where a stout customer was off and ran over the water-meadows to Ilsington heath, and went to ground. Now we come to the run of the day. This fox stole away just as the other went to earth, and took straight through Yellowham to the top of Waterson ridge, where a shepherd turned him back into Yellowham Wood again ; went on straight ahead over the Dorchester-road and Ilsington heath, and the big wood ; broke away across the Puddletown and Moreton road, and Tincleton fields into Tincleton Hangings, bore to the right over Southover heath, and into Sayer's Wood, through, and out over the allotments, and

the Affpuddle road to Moreton station, leaving Marl-pits on the right, on over the top of the heath above Oaker's Wood, and down and crossed the Bryantspuddle and Moreton North Lodge road, and brickyard ; ran the road nearly a mile to the other side of Boundary Clump, when he turned to the right, and crossed the long bog and heath to Chamberlayne's Bridge, where he altered his course and ran the road again for half-mile ; through Throop clump, and on to the road again, where he lay down by the roadside, until the hounds came up to him, when up he jumped close to the leading hound, and they ran into him in the open in the middle of a field on Throop farm, where he died as game a fox as ever was killed, after 2 hours and 25 minutes, without a check. Very great praise is due to Levi, the huntsman, for the way he hunted the pack. I am sorry to say that Captain Fitzroy dropped his whip just as the fox was killed, and got off his horse to pick it up, when the horse jumped away from him and made straight for home, about 13 miles away. The gallant captain started off to walk, hanging on to the stirrup-leather of another sportsman. They talked of riding double, if the horse would carry them. I hope they have arrived home safely by this time, nothing the worse for their walk.

March 15th, 1884.—The meet was at Black Hill, Bere Regis, a favourite meet years ago ; after drawing Affpuddle willow-beds, and other covers, as well as Tolpuddle Ball, all blank, trotted away to Horse Close Coppice, when Mr. R. Cave turned up out of a small pit a fox and a hare. The fox made straight through Horse Close, then in the direction of Whitechurch, turned as if for Longthorns, which he passed on the left, then over Chescombe farm to Milton Park, bore away to Luccombe

hill, where he was headed, first by a man cracking stones, then by a flock of sheep, when he went straight ahead over the hill by Hewish farm, in a direct line for Bagber Coppice, which, however, he left a little on the right, straight into Milborne Wood, where he took a turn twice round, trying to find a substitute, but of no avail, as the "beauties" stuck to him first-rate. When leaving Milborne Wood, he ran the turnpike road as far as the old Dewlish Gate, then up the lane to Crawthorn farm, and into the long plantation, where Henry Symonds (the writer of these lines) saw him in the middle of a field, stood still listening till the hounds were in view, and I thought his brush was in danger; but he was not done for yet, and ran another 30 minutes on to Basing Hill, and over the turnpike for Puddletown, when he turned to the right over Paull's farm, to Druce house, where he was headed back across the large arable fields, and through the hedge-rows, and ran the road which leads to Dewlish for half-a-mile, and bore to the right for Puddletown, where he yielded up his life in the open, by Mr. Paull's house. Time, 3 hours and 5 minutes. The distance from point to point, 10 miles; ground run over, 20 miles. Colonel Hambro was out, and he told me at the time it was as good a run as he ever saw; and the hounds did their work well, and finished up with blood. I must add, that the best runs I have ever seen, have invariably been by foxes found in pits.

March 26th, 1884.—Met at Piddlehinton Cross; drew the Muston and Lovelace's brakes blank; found in Little Kingrove; went away through big Kingrove, and the ups and downs to Holcombe. and Hadsham, and into Eight Acres Coppice, as if for Chandler's Coppice and Castle Hill, but, turning to the left, passed on by

Clinger farm (where Kit Atkinson was pensioned off by Viscount Portman), and over the Cerne and Sherborne road by Dogberry-gate, into the High Stoy hanging covers, then turning to the left, went through the Up-Cerne Woods, leaving Sydling Clappers on the right, to Up-Cerne House, then crossing the road again to Minterne House (Lord Digby's) this fox sought shelter in some ivy on the top of an ice-house, where he was soon dislodged, and jumped down into the hounds' mouths.

***

I recollect a fox being found in a pit in a thick ivy bush in Druce ewe-leazes, and had a very good spin for half-an-hour, but did not kill.

***

December 13th, 1884.—Met at Colwood; Mr. & Mrs. Radclyffe were not out, owing to illness in the family. Levi brought out the "beauties" in the pink of condition. The morning was very wet, but no wind. Found a brace of foxes, and settling down to one (which afterwards proved to be a vixen) she took a ring round the cover, and broke away at the right-hand corner, and proceeded on over the plough and young wheat (very heavy going) to Winterborne Zelston, and across the water-meadows, (which were almost like a sheet of water), and the Dorchester road on to the willow-bed, which she left on the right, then climbed the hill, and went through Brimland on to Bloxworth, leaving Bloxworth House and Green on the right, made her way for Morden Heath, and racing away with a burning scent for the earths at Wool Barrow and Pickard's Look-out, then swinging round to the left, and entering Morden Park at the lower end, and Mr. Drax's Decoy on the right, and went straight through the plantation, where, running from scent to view, bowled her over in gallant style. Time 1 hour and

and 13 minutes out of cover. Many a dirty coat showed the struggle that had been going on ; and the heath in places was unrideable.

Grand and trying Run with the Blackmoor Vale.

Mr. Merthyr Guest, Master ; Orbell, Huntsman.

30th December, 1884, was a red-letter day for those who hunt with these hounds. The meet was at Jack White's Gibbet ; that notorious felon's death scene does not usually attract a large attendance, but there was a fair muster this morning. The calm weather and the continuance of a steady east wind, combined with a rising glass, might reasonably make one expect a scent, but few anticipated the run that followed. We trotted on the short distance to Hadspen, and hounds were thrown into the covers in the Park. They found quickly, and the master's horn from the upper end soon brought Orbell and the pack on the line of a fine old wolf fox, which went away as if he meant it. He first took a sharp turn round Hadspen, which threw out some of the field, and then went away westward to Grove, and over the hilly ground by Honeywick, in the direction of Ridge Barn and Cole-crib, at a racing pace, making for the railway near Wyke Champflower ; he crossed it here, and on account of this line and the river Brue, the hounds were for some time alone. However, he ran parallel to the railway for some way, and then recrossed the same river near Castle Cary station, which was passed on his left, and raced on to Lamyatt, swinging under Creech-hill to Milton Wood, where he did not dwell, but went on down to Evercreech town, outside of which the hounds came to a check, which enabled those who had been thrown out by the river to rejoin them. A quick

cast of Orbell's soon got the active little lady pack on the line again, and we now bore a little to the left, skirting the town, and running under the Evercreech and Shepton Mallett railway, crossing the line again very soon, to Evercreech Park Farm, and on to Pye-hill. As hounds were crossing the line, a train came round the bend, and we had a moment or two of great anxiety, but happily the engine-driver was able to stop in time to save the pack, which thus chronicles its third escape from a similar fate, this season. After Pye-hill, scent became cold, and we had some very patient hunting, hearing of our fox now and then, some ten minutes ahead of us, and hounds worked slowly and beautifully after him in the direction of East Pennard House, under which we had a long check, and looked as if it was all up for that day. Still the master, convinced that our hunted fox was in front of us, persevered, and was presently rewarded by seeing a reliable hound hit it off down a green lane, and we resumed our pursuit with a diminished field, picking it out inch by inch, northward, and then eastward toward West Pennard, the great grey Tor of Glastonbury looming before us. Before reaching the town, he turned right-handed, and running over the open earths at Wetherall Combe, he bore eastward, the hounds now pressing him, and heard of him close in front of us. Now occurred a most critical event, for a fox was viewed in a hedge, apparently the hunted one, but luckily the master got a view of him, and pronounced him a fresh one. Hounds running in front with their noses down, never noticed him. and almost directly after the hunted fox was viewed, dead beat, struggling out of a road ; and we thought we had got him ; but not so, for gathering himself together for a final effort, he set his face for the unknown regions of Sedgmoor. At this

point Orbell had a fall, breaking his stirrup leather, and losing his horse, so he was out of it. The master and Tom, the whip, were equal to the occasion, and we presently noticed that we were joined by a stranger on a dark grey horse, and he especially attracted our attention by going heels over head at a fence. The master saying to the first whip—"Tom, whatever happens, we must not lose that man,"—so Tom caught his horse and started him again, and invaluable he proved from his acquaintance with the Moors. We were now launched into the country of "rhines"—enormous ditches that drain the moor, wide as brooks, and deep as despair; but though it was somewhat hard on horses to meet half-a-dozen of these at the end of four hours, no accident occurred, in spite of the master having a very narrow escape from a man crossing him at the edge of one, and the big brown only just reached the opposite shore. Some of these rhines widen into unjumpable canals, and here our new friend on the grey proved invaluable, his knowledge of the bridges being most useful. We reached the road between North Wootton and Barrow, close to hounds, running hard, when a man rushed out of a farm-yard, shouting—"Here he be, zur; here he be;" and we swung through the farm-yard in time to see the eager pack tearing their fox in a field. He had just before jumped into the arms of an old woman at a door-way, who rejected his advances, and he fell back almost into the mouths of the excited pack. The master was first up; and never could he and Tom have sung out the "who-whoop" with keener delight, for here was the fox we had found at 11.40, pulled down in the open at 3.48, after a good old-fashioned run of 4 hours 8 minutes. Every hound (save one) was in at the kill. Lady Theodora Guest and her groom were well up, Mr. Rome, of

Compton Castle, Mr. Turner, Mr. Berkeley Napier, Mr. Corp (our valuable pilot),Messrs. Maidment & Richards, the master's second horseman, and one or two more,made up 15 at the finish, and the end of 1884. Time to the first check at Evercreech, 58 minutes ; to that under Pennard House, 2 hours 35 minutes; and the last bit from Pennard Church, was a race of 20 minutes.

Brilliant Run with Lord Portman's Hounds.

16th January, 1890, is a date which will not be forgotten by those whose good fortune it was to meet these hounds at Harley Gap. It was one of those perfect hunting mornings which we read about, but very seldom experience. A crispness in the air, without too much sun, made one feel that if ever there was to be a good scent (and it had been very indifferent of late) surely it must be *now*. Joe Moss, with his two whips, arrived punctually at the trysting-place, the splendid dog pack looking fit for anything. Shortly afterwards, Viscount Portman and his three sons rode on the down, and the order was given to draw the brake, and then the wood belonging to Messrs. Atkins, where, no sooner were the hounds in covert, than they told us a fox had been moving. They carried the line to the lower end, where they put him up, and he at once made for the gorse, where his lordship had to keep back the eager ones, but this good fox made his point for Lord Shaftesbury's Harley Wood, and, breaking at the lower end, crossed the Down to Waite ; through this he made for Monkton. but coming to a check in the road, Joe held them down wind towards St. Giles's, but finding he had not gone in that direction, cast them by the meadows to the bridge at Monkton, where they hit off his line. Up to this time the pace had not been great, but now commenced what

was perhaps one of the fastest runs on record, over this splendid open country, with hardly a fence, it was a perfect race to Water Lake, through Cranborne farm to Blagdon Hills, through which the hounds drove him without a moment's check into Martin Wood, where a man was holloaing, but as they still stuck to his line, Moss showed his good judgment by letting them alone. Without a moment's pause, they pushed him on to High Bowlesbury, and away into the open again, across Ridley farms to Allingford Water and Rockbourne Knoll, where he thought to find a substitute, but no time was given him, and no sooner were the hounds in the gorse, than he was seen stealing away by the Down farm for the Tenantry Down, his stout heart not yet broken, for he again faced the open, only to be pulled down just before reaching New Buildings. Thirteen miles as the crow flies, and sixteen miles as the hounds ran. Time, from find to finish, 1 hour 12 minutes. The noble master and his sons were at the finish, and his lordship said it was the best and quickest run he had ever seen. Amongst others close up, too, were nearly a dozen ladies, including Mrs. Harkness, Miss Monro, Mrs. and Miss Parke ; also Sir Richard Glyn, Admiral Murray, Messrs. Cazenove, Ruddle, Friend, Stevens, Cave (2), Good, Lockyer (2), Stanford, Bartlett (2), Rev. Parke, and others.

Fine Run with the South Dorset Hounds.

Monday, January 20th, 1890.—These hounds met at Druce, a very wild morning of snow and hail, and about 12 o'clock it cleared off, and a freezing air set in. The master (Mr. H. Frampton) was not out, owing to ill-health, but the first whip (Burtenshaw) took command. The first fox was found in the west-end hedge-rows, and was soon lost. Went on to Doles-hill and the hog-leases,

Mr. Wm. Fookes found a fox in a pit close by ; went away in the direction of Kingcombe, turning to the right across Cheselborne farms, nearly to Chibberd, then bearing to the left, crossed the Dorchester road, and over the down by Dewlish Clump, and over the meadows and brook above Dewlish Mill, on over Wood's down, leaving Bagber Copse on the left, and then on between Hewish and Bagber, on to Luccombe and Windmill Clump, into a piece of turnips, where he jumped up in view, and went into the plantation on the top of Milton Abbas village, where they pulled him down in 1 hour 20 mins. A good hunting run.

Runs with Lord Poltimore.—John Evans, huntsman.

1863 to 1865.—Jan. 18th, 1863.—Met at Buckland Wood ; went away to West Chickerell ; turned to the right over the Weymouth road, and through the big plantations to Fleet House, bore away for Langton Herring, and over the nasty brook there, through Wyke wood, passed on through the Rodden and Elworth covers, with the back sea, or Fleet, on the left, reached as far as the entrance to Lord Ilchester's Decoy, where this cunning old customer trled to save his life by swimming out into the water some distance. Some fishermen and one of the whips went out in a boat, and brought the fox ashore, where the last rites were duly paid. Treadwell and myself have seen several foxes run from the Gorwell and Puncknowle Woods to the Chesil Beach, and on in the wash of the sea for a mile or more, as there is no scent, and go up over the hills again to their old haunts.

February 4th, 1863.—Met at Nether Cerne ; found in the brake on the hill ; broke away over Forston farm and past the new Asylum to Charminster Clump, then

turning to the left, crossed the old Cerne turnpike to Lord Ilchester's brake, and over the higher side of Burton farm to Wolverton Clump (which was seldom drawn blank in Mr. Farquharson's time). Facing the open, he went across Coker's Frome farm, and Waterson Ridge, and Slyer's Lane, in the direction of Gray's Wood and Yellowham, which was left a little on the right, went down over Higher and Lower Waterson farms, and crossed the meadows into the West-end hedge-rows at Druce, and over Muston ewe-leaze and meadows, and went to ground in view of the hounds in the big rabbit-warren in Druce ewe-leaze.

November 7th, 1864.—Met at Coombe, and found in Coombe Coppice; went away over Litton Hill, and crossed the Bridport and Dorchester turnpike, sunk the valley at Stancombe, ascended Eggardon Hill, leaving Nallers and Askerswell on the left, straight ahead over Powerstock Common and through Wytherstone Woods, to Corscombe, and South and North Poorton, Cotley, as if for Hook Park, but the wind and rain coming on, and scent getting worse and worse, the hounds just carried the line into Kingcombe Coppice, and had to give up. This was a good fox, and took us over a very wild and bad-scenting country.

March 4th, 1865.—Met at Wynford Eagle; found in the big coppice, and went away over the ewe-leazes to Wynholes earths, and on over the hill to Compton Barn, turned to the right across the old Roman road, and Kingston Russell farms, and the Dorchester and Bridport road, leaving Longbredy Hut on the right, straight ahead over the open downs, and down the steep hill to Lower Kingston Russell, then turning to the left, and trying

the large earths on the side of the hill called Sands, (which fortunately were stopped) he bore on over the hill to Winterborne plantation, leaving Bridehead House on the right, through the plantation into Steepleton cow-lease, making his way for the Hardy Monument, and they pulled him down in the open. This was a good hunting run, and the hounds worked very steady, and Lord Poltimore was much pleased. Treadwell was out, staying at Cattistock, and knew Reynard's line very well, and was a great assistance to Evans, the huntsman, in killing this fox, which tried every way to save his brush.

March 27th, 1865.—Met at the Hardy Monument; found in a pit on Blagdon; went away over Steepleton cow-leaze, crossed the Portesham and Dorchester road, bore to the left, and along the higher side of Bridehead farm, ran some distance in a lane called Red Lane, into Gorwell farm, again bearing to the left, he ran on over that wild heath country called Abbotsbury Wears for about three miles, in the direction of the Ashley Woods, then on and tried the big earths at Sands Hill, but no entrance; on again into the higher side of Puncknowle Wood, and then was baffled in not getting to ground in the main earths; then to the left again, and crossed the Abbotsbury, Swyre, and Burton Bradstock road, in full view of the sea, on again by the side of this road nearly to Puncknowle Look-out, then changing his mind, he went down over the hill to West Bexington and on to the Chesil Beach, to elude his pursuers, but all to no purpose, for coming back over the pebbles into East Bexington farm, and the Preventive Station, a little farther on, near Abbotsbury Castle, this stout fox was pulled down, after trying every dodge to escape clear. This really good run was much talked about for some time afterwards.

TALLY HO!

Mr. Radclyffe's Second Meet at Colwood, Nov., 1864.

Written by Rev. W. F. Radclyffe, Rector of Tarrant Rushton, and inserted here by request.

"Labuntur anni," or "time slips along," affords us an opportunity of describing Mr. Radclyffe's second meet in 1864. Doubtless there is a time to hunt, and a time to leave off hunting; so think the hounds, and so think the nags. At the end of the season, especially of such an unfrosty one as the last, hounds looked like the outlines of things that had been, and the horses looked *thin* in body, and thick in the legs. More or less, they looked like Chelsea pensioners, or subjects fit for the Orthopædic Society. "That last run in March," with the ground as Roman cement, told tales. The old hunter *might* have lasted another round; the six-season hound would not have got "shoulder lameness" (the forerunner of rope fever) had the master shut out earlier; but hunters and shooters are never tired of sport. It is rather a part of a Briton's constitution than the effect of Goliath's curse, "I will give thee to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air." The British people like hunting, from Royalty to the peasant. The horses like it, for, when fresh, at the sound of hound and horn you can't hold them; they rush, tear, and pull like a ship at anchor in a gale. The hounds like it, for though at the end of a season, or at the closing of a long day of hopeless "draws" when they come on a scent, "waggle, waggle, go their sterns;" and though before apparently listless, sleepy, tired, footsore, away they go, and who can keep up? They like hunting, and so does pug, for it is the law of his life as well as of his death. Enough are killed already by the tacit consent of some professed fox-preser-

vers to form a sad obituary! "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" but notwithstanding many grand exceptions, I fear there are in the list of professed fox-preservers of England "wolves in sheep's clothing." Of two evils choose the least. I would rather a man would say at once I won't preserve at all than profess to preserve, and then by a tacit and and well understood connivance suffer his keeper to kill them, and to supply for an occasion a fox from Leadenhall-street, or "Duck" Lane, Westminster. A "Duck-lane fox" is worse than the "Cock-lane ghost." The latter afforded sport to the imaginations of the superstitious, but the former spoils all sport. Well, the Londoner is found not by the hounds, but by the keeper. "Tally-ho" resounds all over the copse. The keeper shouts, "I *knowed* he was there. I *seed* him three days *follering* in that *ere* holly bush!" Of course he *knowed* he was there; he had him in a bag! N.B.—Don't pay a keeper for a litter of cubs because after you have killed one he kill the rest; don't pay merely for a "find," but for "finds" leading to good runs, *alias* for wild foxes. To proceed, the hounds are laid on and wonder what the row is about.

"——— Vocat ingenti clamore Cythæron
Tayigitique Canes."

A youngster may "chirp," but the "old uns" hang back, look up at Kennett, and won't "speak" to it. The huntsman knows at once that it is either a mangy fox, or a bagman; and should he be chopped (for hunted he will not be) the hounds will not eat him; and probably, if his brush is examined there will be wheat or oat chaff, as evidence of his domestication. But to proceed, the huntsman and two "whips," well mounted and in new liveries, and with 17½ couple of hounds in blooming condition, and with eyes glaring as if they had heard Kennett

reciting the night before select passages from the "Blood-drinker's Burial," trotted off to the meet. Arrived here the usual knots, composed of men of different character, stand about. There is to be seen the "old stager," with his quaint beard trimmed like a thorn hedge or yew bush near the London suburbs, not altogether unlike the beard of Hudibras.

> "His tawny beard is the equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tile,
> A sudden view it would beguile;
> The upper part thereof is whey,
> The nether orange mixed with grey."

There is the whistling Oxonian, who calls his earthly original "governor" (lucus a no lucendo!) He whistles or sings while the "draw" is going on.

> "Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
> Shield her ye trees, ye flowers around her grow,
> Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by;
> My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie!"

Or it may be something more piquant—

> "When Delia slept on easy moss reclined,
> Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind,
> I smoothed her coats and stole a silent kiss,
> Condemn me, hunters, if I did amiss!"

Then there is the Etonian whose song is trago-comedic—

> "Had all the birch grown
> On my back planted,
> Coverts for foxes
> Would never be wanted!"

Then there are the sweet ladies too. There is Fanny Fickle, there is Widow Waitfoot, there is Lucy Trippet, and a host more, forming a stellary system of youth and beauty; but, hark, "Tally-ho," "Tally-ho," an old vixen fox is found, with *such* a brush, with *such* a white neckcloth—one of the right sort, with a rough coat and no oat-hulls in his brush—a clipper—a nonpareil! Her wind is good, for she has come a long distance to

look out betimes for a January partner, but she wishes that she had not entered "that ere rabbit!" Digestion was not over, but still, as delays are dangerous, Pug cries, "I must be off; it is the early bird that catches the worm, so here goes; nuts were scarce here last year, so see if I don't give Kennett just one, a hard one too, to crack!" and so saying Pug gave her brush a defiant satirical brandish and pursued her onward way. This cheered up the company, who looked *rayther* despondent, as Colwood had been drawn blank, a trapped fox had been killed at Little Colwood, and Muston Down gorse had been drawn blank. It is difficult to say where this vixen was found. The writer believes that he broke from Whitechurch plantations, and was hit upon in the turnips near Peat Hill plantation, where the hounds got upon good terms with her, whilst a junior Pug broke in another direction. At any rate, that distinguished sportsman and zealous fox-preserver, Mr. Robert Fowler, of Whitechurch, afforded an animal that "the Squire" says had given the slip 20 times, and that now gave, as her *finale*, a splendid run, that changed the faces of the sportsmen, hitherto much like that of a peevish girl that cannot get a husband, into something like sunshine. To be brief, Pug left Peat Hill Plantation on "urgent private affairs," and went away for North Down and Kingston. She then crossed Mr. Fowler's meadows, and ran over Mr. Besant's farm to Horse-close. The pace was tremendous. She skirted Horse-close, passed through the "Hang," making apparently for Longthorns, but suddenly turned to the left and passed close to the Reformatory. Hence she ran to and crossed the Blandford turnpike, through Deveral farm close to Mr. Ingram's house at Bagber Copse, but she could not reach it. She then made a bend to the right, crossing Hewish farm and Long

Ash farm for the wall at Abbey Milton, which she could not leap. She then made down the road by the lodge into Luckham Hill Plantation, on her road to Milton Wood, which she could not reach, as she was seen galloping high like a horse that tries to step into his curb-chain! Kennett saw her. Kennett saw her. "Ah!" he said he, "four miles back I said I shall have you in a trice. I was wrong; but I shan't be wrong now. I will pay off old scores. A pretty life you have led me and and my hounds on this terraqueous globe, you old she-devil!" In a few moments more, after a short pause in the turnips close to the "Hang," Mr. Kennett's police had her in their ivory grasp. The "field"—a fair "field" for wheat-sowing time—drew round this fine old vicky with dugs an inch long, and chaunted her praises and also loudly cheered the "master" and pack, who certainly, in the early part of the day, looked like a schoolboy that drops half-a-crown and picks up a threepenny-bit! In a few minutes, after a fine run of 1 hour and 17 minutes, there was nothing left of this noble pug but her head, brush, and pads; the brush being accorded by the "master's" orders to Mr. Fowler. The writer could not help a final eulogy by way of memorial :—

"Underneath this clump did lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much virtue as could live!"

Mr. Treadwell was out, and said a fox could not have gone over a finer country, nor could he wish a better country. "Jem" looked well, rode well, and declared that the "fun" was not out of him yet by a "goodish bit!" It is a maxim of "Jem's" that the public should protect what is intended for the public amusement. After the run, the 'master' and a few friends held a meeting at the

hospitable mansion of Mr. Robert Fookes, his old friend, and carried a "fox-rate" unanimously, and ate as good a dinner as ever was set before a king. "Wine and walnuts" ensued, a most pleasant evening was spent, the healths of the master and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Fookes being proposed and responded to in language as choice as the dinner and the viands!

"CATCH'EM ALIVE"—NOT WITH TRAPS,

BUT 17½ COUPLES OF STEADY HOUNDS!

Hunting Mems.

When Mr. Codrington hunted the Cattistock country they met one day at Martinstown. After Joe Sorrell had (as he thought) drawn Hawkins's Brake blank, and had blew his hounds out and gone on a field or two, Mr. Codrington, who had been watching a single hound very busy, blew his horn, and had the pack back, and told Joe there was a fox left in the brake. A young farmer, on going back, said—"What does the old fool want us to go back there again for?" They soon got the fox away in the direction of Hardy's Monument, and after a capital gallop of 40 minutes, killed him on Kingston Russell Down. Mr. Codrington then rode up to the young farmer, and asked him what he thought of the old fool now.

* * *

A remarkable circumstance was well-known to hunting-men at the beginning of Mr. Farquharson's career. There were three noted foxes, called Chetterwood Jack, Butterwick Jack, and Stock-wood Hector. They were never killed by hounds. Ben Jennings ran a fox once from Chetterwood to Doncliffe, and the next day the hounds met at Doncliffe, and found the same fox, and ran him back again to Chetterwood, but did not kill; the distance about 15 miles.

The first Viscount Portman succeeded Mr. Yeatman in the Mastership of the Blackmoor Vale Hounds at the close of the season 1830—31, and for nine years hunted the old B.V.H. country, as well as the Houghton country. In 1840 he gave up the B.V.H. to Mr. Hall, and sold his pack to Mr. Drax, of Charborough, but at once got together another pack, and hunted the Houghton country until 1843, when, on account of severe illness, he gave up, and sold his hounds to the Earl of Shannon, father of the present holder of that title.

* * *

Mr. Farquharson resigned in 1858, and his country was divided into four parts in 1859. Lord Portman took the Eastern portion, and commenced with his old servant—John Dinnicombe—as huntsman,who remained two years, who was succeeded by John Smith, and, after him, Joe Moss.

* * *

Owing to a scarcity of foxes in the old Berkshire country, Mr. Codrington removed into South Wilts, Jem Treadwell succeeding Tom Alderton as kennel-huntsman and first whip. Jem lived with Mr.Codrington 16 years, and in 1836, Mr. Hall, who hunted the B.V.H., bought Mr. Codrington's hounds,and Treadwell went with them as huntsman. At the end of that season, however, Mr. Hall sold part of his pack to Mr. Farquharson, and part to Mr. Tudway of Wells ; and Treadwell being engaged by Mr. Farquharson,took his part of the pack to Eastbury which he reached on the 18th of April, 1837, succeeding the well-known Ben Jennings, who had hunted the hounds for 30 years. Treadwell stayed for the next 20 years with Mr.Farquharson,which makes the 50 years he hunted Dorsetshire with two huntsman, and during that 50 years he reigned supreme in Dorset.

On April 9th, 1874, a splendid picture of Mr. Radclyffe, mounted on his favorite grey horse, and a few of the pick of his pack of hounds (painted by Stephen Pearce) was presented to him. There were 215 subscribers, and the amount subscribed was £757 18s. The cost of the picture was £530 ; the engraving cost £185 ; the steel plate, £20 ; there were a few other miscellaneous expenses, and the residue of £18 9s. was handed over to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society.

Names of Hounds in the Picture :

Dorcas. *Laura.* *Watchful.* *Narrative.*
Lady-blush. *Vengeance.* *Frantic.*

***

JEM TREADWELL'S PONY.

Mr. Henry Fookes writes in the life of Treadwell: "I send you a list of the number of days he rode his favorite pony in one season with the hounds. She was a dark brown, barely 14—3, bred at Eastbury, and went through the whole season, and left off sound and well. He rode her for several seasons afterwards. When a colt, it was offered for sale at Shroton fair, but did not get a bidding. This diary is in Treadwell's own handwriting, given to Mr. William Fookes :—Sept. 21st, Mr. Bankes's High Wood ; Sept. 23rd, Martin Wood ; Sept. 26th, Hanford ; Oct. 2nd, Melcombe Park ; Oct. 6th, Alton Ivors ; Oct. 10th, Up-Cerne Wood ; Oct. 13th, Bradford Plantation ; Oct. 18th, Corscombe ; Oct. 23rd, Broadley ; Oct. 27th, Ferne ; Nov. 3rd, Milborne Wood ; Nov. 10th, Ludwell Cross Roads ; Nov. 13th, Elcombe ; Nov. 22nd, Cerne Park ; Dec. 4th, Armswell ; Nov. 12th, Burton Turnpike-gate ; Nov. 19th, Doles Ash ; Nov. 26th, Stourpaine Bushes ; Jan. 1st, Milton Park ; Jan. 8th, Knoyle ; Jan. 12th, Turnworth ; Feb. 26th, Woodcutts

Common ; March 2nd, Woodyates Inn ; March 6th, the Kennels, Eastbury ; March 10th, King-grove ; Mar. 15th, Bradford Plantation ; Mar. 22nd, Winford ; Mar. 26th, Kingston Russell ; Mar. 30th, Holcombe ; April 2nd, Shortwood ; April 9th, Bradford Plantation ; April 17th, Bulbarrow. Thirty-two times ! Not much amiss.

***

Foxes killed and earthed by Mr. Farquharson's hounds, from August, 1837, to December 30th, 1857 :—

YEAR.	KILLED.	EARTHED.	YEAR.	KILLED	EARTHED.
1837	118	20	1848	166	43
1838	103	16	1849	138	30
1839	104	24	1850	144	38
1840	126	32	1851	132	32
1841	139	31	1852	134	21
1842	156	24	1853	152	31
1843	174	31	1854	105	44
1844	141	29	1855	117	41
1845	127	22	1856	100	47
1846	107	27	1857	62	11
1847	133	30			

Hunted 2,787 days, and killed 2,688 foxes, and earthed 624, thus accounting for 3,312 foxes ; after deducting 12 blank days, this accounts for 525 more foxes than days the hounds hunted.

***

The Roebuck Hounds of Edmund Morton Pleydell, Esq., of Whatcombe House, were kept at the Manor House, Milborne St. Andrew. The huntsman, William Rice. is buried at Milborne, and on his tombstone it is inscribed he was the first man that ever hunted a pack of Roebuck Hounds.

"JEM" TREADWELL

Biography.

The following interesting biographical notice of the well-known veteran huntsman—Jem Treadwell will be appreciated by hunting men :—

He was born of respectable parents, in the village of Stoke Talmage, in Oxfordshire, on the 18th of June, 1800, and having been sent early to school, obtained a situation at the age of 13 years in the establishment of John Fane, Esq., of Stoke, where he continued for three years, undergoing his noviciate in the stable department. This quiet work, however, not agreeing with the temperament of Jem's disposition, who aspired to higher things, he quitted Mr. Fane's service, and engaged himself as whipper-in to Mr. Lowndes Stone, of Brightwell Park, who at that time kept a very superior pack of hounds. Jem was now in his proper element—hunting—to which his earliest impulse had always incited him. and for three seasons he afforded great satisfaction to his master, but not being satisfied with "thistle-whipping," his ambition and natural genius prompted him to ascend another step higher in the ladder, and just at that time Mr. Codrington (who then hunted the old Berkshire country) was in want of a second whip, and to his inexpressible delight, Jem was selected to fill the post. Who can describe the delight of a lad at 19 in his first scarlet jacket as a whipper-in to a pack of fox-hounds,

of which he feels as proud as a girl in her first ball-dress. But Jem soon found he had more reason to be proud of his new master, who was one of the most kind and considerate men he had ever met, as well as one of the best of sportsmen; in fact, Jem had the good luck to fall into the service of the great professor of the age in which he lived, Mr. Codrington being considered by his brother fox-hunters a perfect oracle on fox-hunting, and everything appertaining to the knowledge of the noble science. Mr. Codrington's recollections of the pedigrees of fox-hounds were marvellous, and his knowledge as a huntsman in the field was quite perfection (although his great weight prevented him from keeping a very forward place); and no man knew better how to manage a pack of fox-hounds in kennel also. Jem proved himself so apt a pupil under his excellent and observant master, that at the expiration of his first season he was promoted to the place of first whip, (a very unusual and rapid advancement for a person of his age in those days), but it is clear Mr. Codrington was not mistaken in the estimate he had framed of Jem's character and talents, which his subsequent career proved. Treadwell stood about 5ft. 9in., weighing about 10 stone. Although thin in limb, he possessed considerable power of frame, with great activity,—a wiry resolute fellow, with an intelligent countenance, a cool mind well at ease with itself; quiet in manners, most respectful to his superiors; much thought, and few words, and of irreproachable character. In the South Wilts country, Mr. Codrington had to contend with two immense covers, called Grovely and Great Ridge, each containing about 3,000 acres. Such covers, in most countries, would be condemned as only fit for cub-hunting. With a capital pack of hounds, and

assisted by Treadwell, the foxes had soon notice to quit their stronghold, Mr. Codrington showing extraordinary sport, killing his foxes handsomely after long runs. Here Treadwell had it almost to himself, as his master, from his weight and increasing age, could not ride up to his hounds. There could not have been a better training ground for a young huntsman or hounds than these large woods, it being no unusual occurrence for foxes found at the extreme end of one of these covers to run straight through the length of the wood without a turn, and then face the open.

With this worthy old 'squire—a second Meynell—lived Jem Treadwell for 16 years, fully instructed in every branch of the noble science, whipping in, hunting, feeding, and breeding hounds; his opinion was consulted by his master, he being more frequently at the head of affairs in the field when hounds ran hard. In the year 1836, Mr.Hall, who then hunted the Blackmoor Vale country, lost half his hounds by madness, and offered Mr.Codrington a large price for his hounds. The sum was too tempting to be rejected, and Treadwell being invited to occupy the place of huntsman in Mr. Hall's establishment, he left with deep regret the service of one whose kindness of heart was so well known, and who had proved himself to Jem a friendly and indulgent master. At the end of the season, Mr.Hall resigned the Blackmoor Vale country, and the pack was sold, part to Mr. Farquharson, and part to Mr. Tudway, of Wells; and Treadwell being engaged by the former gentleman, set off with a portion of his late pack for the Eastbury Kennels, which he reached on the 18th of April, 1837, succeeding the well-known huntsman—Ben Jennings,—who had hunted the Dorsetshire country for 30 years,

but from old age and infirmity was no longer able to do justice in the field. The lessons Treadwell learnt from his first master were not forgotten when he entered on his new country. From Grovelly and Great Ridge he had learnt lessons of forbearance, and coolness of head at that critical moment—the first check ; when so many huntsmen lose their heads, and, carried away by excitement, lose all presence of mind, catching up the pack, in hope of carrying on the scent ahead, without allowing the hounds to make their own cast. A huntsman should be prepared for this, yet how few are so. To a man of quick eye, the cause will soon be seen, and then action with alacrity. Treadwell had a head on his shoulders that knew when to let things alone, and would admit hounds knew quite as much about their business as he did, which fast men of the present day are very reluctant to concede.

Of Treadwell's generalship in the field, a list of the killed and earthed foxes during 21 seasons, suffice to give material evidence of his conduct during that period. (See page 100).

The testimonial which was presented to him by the gentlemen of the county is a convincing proof of his knowledge of breeding and management of hounds.

Treadwell had two sons, one—Tom—being first whipper-in to Lord Scarborough's pack ; and the second —Jack—huntsman to the Quorn. Treadwell's brother Charles has been for years with the Bramham Moor Hounds as huntsman.

Obituary.

Death of Lord Guilford, December 19th, 1885.

To close this book without chronicling a deplorable fatal accident in the hunting field would be an incomplete *resume* of the vicissitudes of the chase; and I therefore give the following extract from the *Dorset County Chronicle:* "A sad mischance has deprived the Cattistock Hunt of their plucky, energetic, and popular Master—the Earl of Guilford —one of the most accomplished riders of the day, who met with an accident in the hunting field on Friday, which terminated fatally on the following day. The meet was at the Manor House, Glanvilles Wootton, by the invitation of Mr. Dale, and a fox had been started from a copse called "Seven Acres," and a splendid run was commenced. Alas! very soon to be terminated by the lamentable occurrence it is our melancholy duty to chronicle. Lord Guilford, it appears, was mounted on a horse which had done no work for three or four weeks, and consequently it was fresh and restive, and we understand on being put at a fence, the animal refused, and threw its rider, who, however, received no injury from the fall, and was quickly in the saddle again, and once more leading the field in his customary splendid and daring style. After the run had continued for some time, they came to another fence of a very formidable kind. It was a bank about six feet high, with a ditch on each side and a hedge on the top, which had been recently "plushed" with a double set of binders, the trench between being filled with the earth taken from the ditches on each side. Altogether the drop was about eight feet, a very serious affair to negotiate, but

it must have been an obstacle more than unusual or extraordinary that would daunt the noble master, who at once sent the horse at this "rasper." As far as can be known, the animal landed on the top of the fence, and its fore feet stuck in the soft ground of which the hedge was partly composed, and being unable to extricate itself, the horse made a complete somersault, tumbling (as an eye-witness informs us) over and over. On one of the sportsmen hastening to the spot, the horse was seen to be lying on its back, with its legs in the air, uninjured. Lord Guilford was found lying on his face, apart from the horse, which, it is conjectured, after falling on its rider, had rolled away from him. Though Lord Guilford was severely injured, he was conscious and said—"I could not keep his head down," alluding of course to the horse. The unfortunate Master was immediately placed on an iron hurdle and taken to Castlehill, the residence of Mr. J. Holford (late High Sheriff of the County), which is the nearest house to the scene of the accident, several friends assisting in his removal, among whom was M. de Satgé; Lady Guildford, who was on the field, having ridden off to Mr. Holford's to make preparations for the wounded master's reception. On Lord Guilford reaching Castle Hill, he was taken into the hall and examined by Dr. McEnery of Cerne and Sherborne, (his lordship's medical attendant) who was near the place when the accident happened, and who was quickly in attendance. Dr. McEnery found his patient had sustained serious internal injuries, with rupture of the intestines, severe fracture of both bones of the leg and fracture of three ribs. The broken limbs were at once set by Dr. McEnery, and Lord Guildford was removed to Sydling Court in Mr. Holford's carriage. Though the case was of a very grave nature it does not appear that a fatal result was anticipated by his lordship, who on Sat-

urday morning ordered the hounds to be taken to Corscombe (at which place the meet was announced to take place) and remarked "I suppose I am in for six weeks at least." But all hopes of recovery were speedily disappointed, for delirium came on soon afterwards and his lordship remained in an unconscious condition, until shortly after nine o'clock the same evening, when death released him from his sufferings. It is stated that the real cause of death was rupture of the liver. Dr. McEnery and his partner, Dr. Kerr, of Cerne, were constantly in attendance on Lord Guildford until his death, and an eminent surgeon Professor Erichson, had been summoned from London by Dr. McEnery, who considered the case hopeless, and he arrived at Sydling Court in the evening but the internal injuries were of so grave a nature that surgical skill was of no avail. The Coroner, Mr. G. Symonds, was communicated with by Dr. McEnery but under the circumstances he considered an inquest unnecessary. It is almost needless to remark on the deep regret this deplorable event has occasioned among the members of the Cattistock Hunt, the general esteem of whom Lord Guilford had gained since he acceded to the mastership of the Cattistock pack, the management of which he undertook in 1882, on the retirement of Mr. Codrington. And we are sure he will be always held in affectionate remembrance by all true lovers of the noble sport. Lord Guilford, who was only 34 years of age, was born at Weavering, Kent, in 1851. He was the son of Dudley, Lord North, by the third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Eden, rector of Bishopsbourne. He succeeded to the earldom on the death of his grandfather in 1861, and shortly afterwards entered the Royal Horse Guards, but retired from the service in 1871, when he had held the rank of Lieutenant. He was hon. colonel of the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, and possessed the patronage of

four livings. The first Baron Guilford was a distinguished judge; the well-known Prime Minister, Lord North, was eighth in succession to the title, and second in the Earldom of Guilford. Lord Guilford married, in 1874, Georgina, second daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., and leaves a son and a daughter. His son, Frederick George, Lord North, who succeeds to the title, was born in November, 1876. The deceased nobleman was president of the Dorchester Agricultural Society, and has acted as one of the judges at the Society's shows every year during his residence in the county. Lord Guilford's remains were removed on Wednesday to the family seat—Waldershare Castle, near Dover.

The members of the Hunt, and indeed sportsmen throughout the county, embraced the opportunity of testifying to their sense of the loss they had sustained, by assembling to the number of nearly 150, to take part in the solemn procession from Sydling Court to Maiden Newton station, whence the body was to be conveyed by train. Following the hearse were two mourning coaches, containing the grooms and principal servants of the deceased nobleman; and next walked about 30 members of his lordship's household. Colonel E. H. T. Digby and Captain E. W. Williams rode at the head of the cavalcade of supporters of the Hunt, who had come from all parts of the district to show the last mark of respect towards him who had so often and so boldly led them in the field. Mr. Radclyffe's Hunt was represented by the huntsman, and there were several gentlemen present from the Vale of Blackmoor. The mournful procession followed the hearse to Maiden Newton station, where a large crowd had gathered, including Mr. T. P. F. Gundry, a generous subscriber to the Hunt, and the Rev. M. Hankey, rector of Maiden Newton. The coffin was removed from the hearse and placed on a trestle, and all the horsemen rode

past it in succession, thus taking a last farewell of him they had learned to regard with more than mere respect and esteem. The coffin was afterwards conveyed in silence to the train, and Mr. J. P. F. Gundry, of Bridport, proceeded with it to Waldershare, where deceased was interred.

A correspondent from Nether Cerne has also forwarded the following "In Memoriam":—

The widespread gloom caused by the death of the noble master of the Cattistock Hounds hangs heavily over our valley. The manly figure and rapid movements of him who so lately cheered on one of the very best packs of hounds in England will never more be seen amidst the gorse on Nether Cerne. Never has a master been more welcome there; never was there a time when every one in the neighbourhood so fully recognised a duty and a pleasure in helping to keep and find a fox for the Cattistock. Lord Guilford's popularity was uot only great, but increasing daily. If hunting be an art or science, surely he was a noble master of the art. A bold and splendid horseman (alas for him and us only too daring) he was always to the front, and to be found when wanted. The patent of nobility placed him beyond annoyance, to which less aristocratic masters may be subjected, whilst he was entirely free of that nonsense which too frequently characterises the reign of a master with only a well-filled purse as his recommendation. Consequently, his straightforward independent line of action, and his friendly manner won for him the esteem of those who contribute so largely, if not wholly, to make hunting a success,—the occupiers of land. Regarded with the hounds, at home as well as abroad, perhaps Lord Guilford has never been excelled by any man, for though so good a rider, his heart

was with the pack; a horse to him was only the conveyance by which he reached and kept with his hounds. Scientifically and practically he knew the business to which he so devoted himself. He is gone! Another may take his place, but a better and more popular master we shall never know. Nether Cerne gorse may still be as he described it so recently, "a sure find on any day of the year." Deeply we regret our loss, and how deeply do we sympathise with that true lady who during the time she has been amongst us, in the hunting field and in the home life, has so completely won the hearts of all, from peer to peasant, that a humble resident in our village was heard to exclaim—"If Lord Guilford devotes his time to his hounds, anyhow he took good care to leave someone at home to attend to the poor." As at Sydling, so at Nether Cerne, and in the neighbourhood there are those in whose mind's eye the recollection of Lord Guilford will be as fresh as the gorse on the hill, beneath the shadow of which they dwell.

***

Lord Guilford met with the accident on Friday, Decr. 18th; died on Saturday, Decr. 19th; and was interred on Thursday, Decr. 24th, 1885, at Waldershare Park, Dover.

***

The memorial brass subscribed by the Dorsetshire friends of the Earl of Guilford, placed in Waldershare Church, Dover, as a testimony of their regard, is of a very handsome description, and bears the following inscription, placed within an engraved border containing various ecclesiastical emblems:—

> "In affectionate remembrance of Dudley Francis North, seventh Earl Guilford, who was born 1851, and died from an accident while hunting with the Cattistock Hounds in the county of Dorset, December 19th, 1885. This memorial is erected by his sorrowing friends in that county."

The brass is surmounted by his lordship's crest and family motto, at the bottom being the Guilford arms.

E. DERHAM,
PRINTER,
BLANDFORD.